

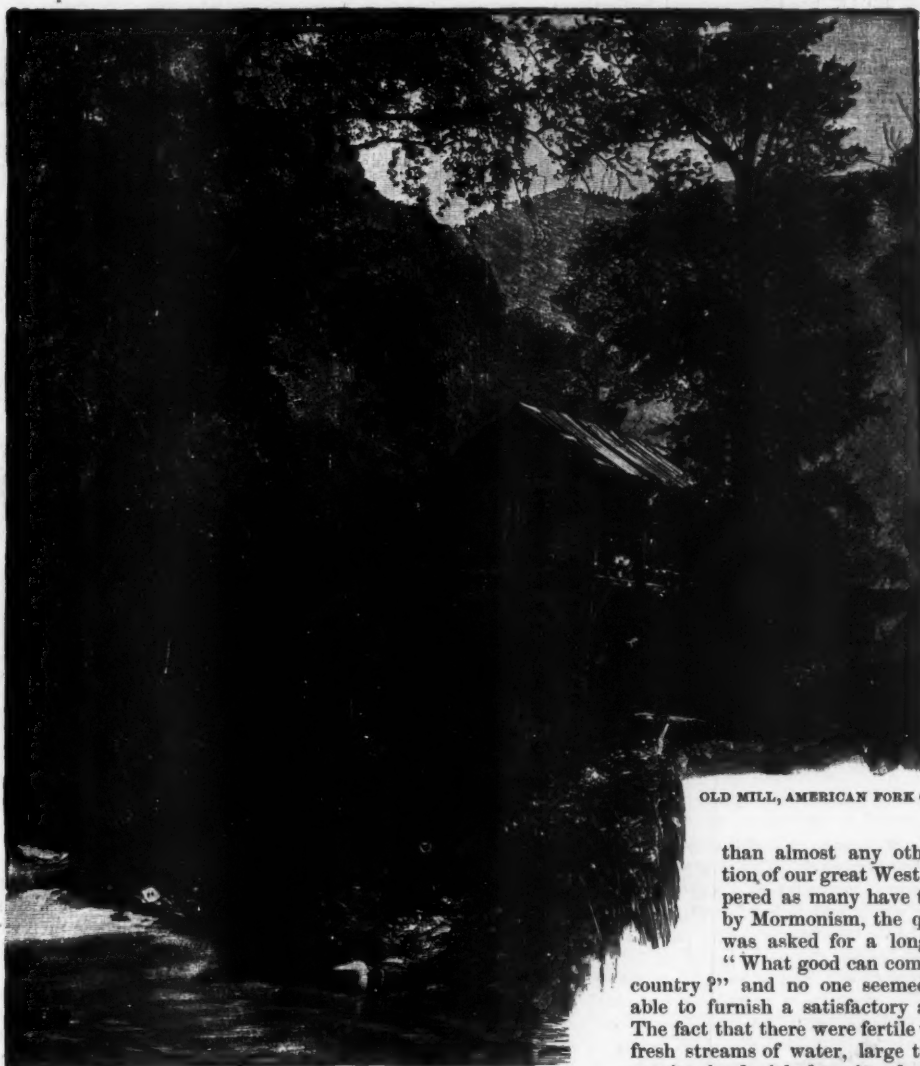
THE CONTINENT

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BY-WAYS OF UTAH.



OLD MILL, AMERICAN FORK CAÑON.

"The earth was made so various that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties fade; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes."—*Cowper*.

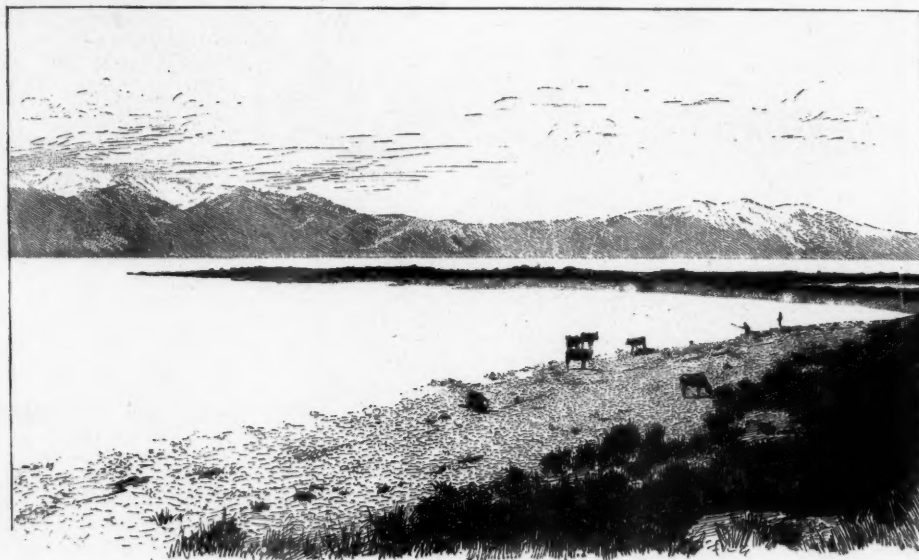
UTAH, with its eighty-five thousand square miles of territory, has been less explored and less understood

than almost any other section of our great West. Hampered as many have thought by Mormonism, the question was asked for a long time: "What good can come of the country?" and no one seemed to be able to furnish a satisfactory answer. The fact that there were fertile valleys, fresh streams of water, large tracts of grazing land, rich deposits of gold, silver, copper and coal, was lost sight of.

Men seemed only to think that Utah was a territory situated in the midst of vast deserts, and that it consisted of high, snow-capped mountains, extended alkali deserts, salt seas and uninhabited arid plains. Even when the transcontinental railway was built, the road hardly touched Utah, and the country for years after remained unknown, unexplored by sight-seer or prospector, and was even thought so neglected

and isolated from the rest of the world that the Mormons, in making it their home, expected to remain there undisturbed for all time. But Father Time— remorseless destroyer of present things, and who obliterates past facts—has not remained idle. The Mormons had no sooner erected their city, cultivated their valleys, opened the mines, stocked the pastures and built their roads, than another people, with religious ideas antagonistic to those of Brigham Young, began to press over the high barriers which had thus far kept Utah secluded, and have continued to gain in numbers and influence until at the present time the territory is largely settled by Gentiles, and Utah is on the verge of a new life. Railways are constructed rapidly, new mines are daily opened, the output of the country is increasing, new towns have been built, and the great outside world has ceased to ask what good, but rather to say how much good, may come out of Utah.

would see Ogden and Salt Lake City, the great mysterious Salt Lake, and isolated peaks "striking up the azure" with their pointed cones of ice and snow. Far to the south the valleys would be seen to merge into deep cañons, with huge rocks of vari-colored hues, down which hissing, troubled streams roar and run swift races. The eye would see changes in every direction—now a vale, now a forest; here a lake, and again rounded hills and well-stocked fields. There would be Arctic regions and others like Italy; great banks of snow and bright green pastures. In fact, from an elevation commanding all Utah, it would be seen at once that the country is singularly varied; grand, and yet beautiful; rugged, yet subdued; arid, and yet fertile; a network of mountains, valleys, plains and parks, from over and among which run or nestle clear streams, wide rivers and picturesque lakes. The air would vibrate, too, with the hum of industry; the puff of the locom-



PELICAN POINT, UTAH LAKE.

Nor is it strange that this change in the condition of things has occurred. The territory is immensely rich, has a most beautiful and varied topography, and a climate which is delightful. The Wasatch Mountains divide it into two nearly equal parts, and, with ranges of lesser height, form sheltered valleys, which are as productive as any in the world. If one were elevated above the country in a balloon, he would look down upon a varied scene. Extending north and south, with wooded slopes, high, snow-capped summits, and inclosing miniature lakes, valleys and forest-girded parks, would be seen the Wasatch range; east of it, vast, treeless, arid and neglected, would appear the desert lands which, during the coming year, will be crossed by a railway traversing their weary lengths; and westward—a bright spot in the view—Salt Lake and Utah Valleys would meet the gaze, lying like jewels between vast mountains, watered by lakes and threads of silvery streams, and cultivated until hardly a foot of ground remains without its waving grain and patches of garden produce. In the north of the territory, too, one

tive would be heard as it penetrated the wild gorges of the mountains or toiled in the valleys; the factories and smelting works would break the stillness with their busy activity, and in the higher fastnesses men would be seen at work digging precious treasures from their long seclusion.

There were two of us who had arrived in Utah to see its sights, study its life, and, as we soon discovered, to enjoy its beauties. The artist came to sketch, and after he had covered his tablets with views of mountain-surrounded Ogden, we moved southward to Salt Lake City. The road between the two cities follows the shores of the Salt Lake. This sleepy body of water always seems like the glazed eye of some disappointed giant chafing at his involuntary confinement. East of it, and indeed bounding it on nearly all sides, are high mountains, those nearest us having snowy summits and wooded sides, while the others are veiled by a thin haze, which hides their outlines and softens them into a complete whole of great beauty.

"I wonder—" said the artist, half to himself.

"What?" said I.

"Nothing," he answered. And then: "But, do you know, this lake haunts me. It seems entirely unnatural and strange. Look at these islands of black rock, now. There isn't a bit of foliage on them, nor on the larger ones; and the water of the lake isn't over twenty feet deep. Now there's water enough runs into this basin, but there's no outlet. Evaporation? Yes, but with the salt in the water, and the clear days of Utah, evaporation can't keep the depth as it is. I think there are great outlets somewhere, and that this is an arm of the sea. Anyway, I wish it would wake up; it bothers me."

"Don't look at it, then," I suggested, but he did not hear. His gaze rested as though riveted on the sullen, unbroken, glassy surface. The lake was dull-hued, and no boats with white sails dotted its surface. To our left rose the mountains, their tops suffused with prismatic rays of the setting sun—gay, happy, smiling; but the grim waters gave no answering glance. The corn-fields kissed its shores; trim houses flirted with it, a thousand shades tempted it to speak; but, silent, cold, listless, it stretched long arms around its rocky islands, and heeded nothing in the world without.

Salt Lake City lies at the upper or northern end of a valley of the same name, and occupies a portion of the sloping "bench," or *mesa*, which runs toward the mountains from the shores of the lake. Back of the town rises the Wasatch range, broken here into many sized cones and deep, verdant cañons. Beyond the valley are the indistinct outlines of more mountains, while to the west rises the sloping, wood-covered Oquirrh range, ending abruptly in the north at the shores of the lake. The city itself is a place of wide streets, well-built houses, shade trees, trim gardens, and long avenues. The public buildings are mostly owned by the Mormons, and add much to the beauty of the town. As we rode from the depot to the hotel the artist said the streets made him think of Paris, they were so wide and shaded, and down their either side flowed a tiny stream of water, which swept away every trace of rubbish. Indeed, Young and his followers must have had an unusual amount of good taste. Not only did they select as a site for their city a *mesa* which commands an extended view, but they planned that all streets should run at right angles to one another; and, consequently, there are formed all over the city squares of green sward filled with trees, private dwellings and stores. This regularity of design is noticed at the very first. Everything is free, wide, light and open. "I don't believe," said the artist, "you can find a dark spot in Salt Lake." And after our visit was over I fully agreed with him. The sun has unlimited freedom, and its warm rays are never excluded by high walls or narrow ways.

"Salt Lake is a New England village, with foreign plans, moved out West," said the artist.

"Or a modern Edinburg," I suggested.

"Yes; and yet, after all, it is simply Salt Lake, and a remarkably pretty town with characteristics all its own."

And that was it; we compared it to many places, and were reminded of this or that city, but, after all, there remained the fact that nothing we had ever seen before was exactly like it. There was Arcadian simplicity, but nothing was commonplace. The public buildings, the stores, the homes, all had a peculiar beauty of their own. They were light-colored, clean, pretty. No grim stains of smoke had soiled, no dull hues surrounded them. The houses had an air of solid comfort, and whether occupied by Mormon or Gentile, had bright



IN SPANISH FORK CAÑON.

flower-beds, green lawns and scores of trees about them. Nothing seemed new or crude or "Western;" and the longer we stayed the better pleased we were with the Mormon capital and its easy-going life.

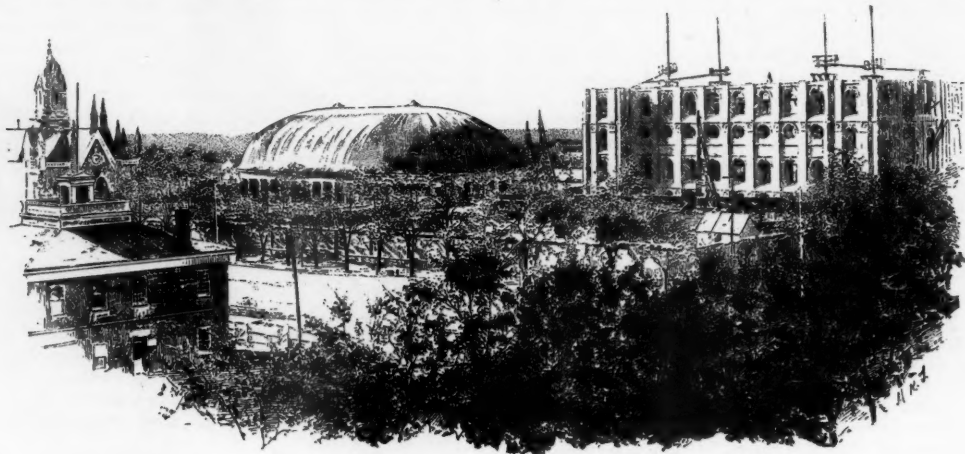
The square inclosing the unfinished Temple, the Tabernacle and the small temple, is the Mecca for all visitors at Salt Lake. It is the centre of Mormonism. Here the marriages are performed, the sermons preached, and the converts instructed. The Temple is of granite, solid, massive, graceful and substantial. For thirty years the work has been going on; and fifteen more must elapse before the building is finished. "By which time," suggested the artist, "the Mormon Temple may become a Gentile state-house;" an idea I instantly frowned down, as it was apt to inaugurate a discussion of the Mormon question, and that I determined should be left to the gentlemen at Washington. The Tabernacle is a building capable of seating some sixteen thousand people. Its roof resembles the keel and bottom of a turned-over boat, and is of wood. The interior of the vast structure is void of any ornamentation, is in the form of an ellipse, and the seats are plain wooden benches.

The gallery rests on seventy-two pillars, and extends around three sides of the room, and overlaps a large portion of the main floor. The entire length is two hundred and fifty feet, and the width one hundred and fifty. At the extreme end is the large organ, and in front of that three raised desks for the various dignitaries, and a long desk for the chief speaker or preacher or saint. The baptismal font, of carved stone, occupies the centre of the interior. The walls are of a glaring white, and twenty doors allow an audience of sixteen thousand to leave the room in a few minutes. The acoustic properties are perfect. Standing at one end of the gallery a pin can be heard to drop at the other

end, and the voice thrown from near the organ is distinctly heard over the whole interior.

Opposite the square is the "Tithing-Yard," a walled inclosure, which looks like a farm-yard, and in which every good Mormon deposits a tenth of all his produce for the benefit of the church. Not far from this place are the houses Brigham Young used to occupy, known

very chimneys and upon the flat roofs of the houses, lay the city, its busy hum of life creeping faintly to our ears, and all its gardens, trees and lawns revealed. To the right, ten miles or more away, and nestling in the arms of blue-tinted mountains, lay the lake, silent, calm, and heedless of the beauty in which it lived; to the left, and pressing their huge masses upon the valley, rose



TEMPLE BLOCK—THE NEW AND THE OLD TEMPLE.

as the "Bee-Hive" and "Lion House." They show their age a little now, and some of the window-sills are sadly in need of new paint. Tall trees surround these farm-like houses, and the garden-walls are backed with rank shrubs. We never saw much life or many signs of activity of any description around Temple Square or at the Bee-Hive; but the artist, bachelor as he is, insisted that a dozen faces of fair females watched our movements from out the small window-panes of the former home of a wonderfully strong-minded man. Be this as it may, I know we wandered into every nook and corner unchallenged, politely answered, kindly received. And after we had examined to our heart's content, the strange religion which sanctions so many wives to one man seemed as unreal to us as before we came to Salt Lake.

Of all the drives and rambles about the city and its surroundings, the one the artist enjoyed most was the climb to Ensign Peak. We had explored the cañons of the Wasatch, where we found cool shades, rich verdure, sparkling streams and beauty unadulterated, and had passed many a quiet hour at Fort Douglas listening to the music, and feasting our eyes with the wealth of scenery spread out at our feet, when one day somebody told us to go to Ensign Mountain. This sharp cone, with bare brown sides and a rocky crown, rises directly behind the city, and early in the morning throws its shadow over the quiet place. After panting and struggling up to the very top, catching a wider and grander view each step of the way, the artist, always impressible, but now justly delighted, seated himself upon a rugged boulder, and for a few minutes indulged in all the adjectives at his command.

"Do you like the picture?" I asked.

"It is superb, unequalled!" he said, and again lapsed into silent admiration.

And truly the scene was one to be long remembered. At our very feet, and so near that we could look into its

the Wasatch peaks, grand, stately and deeply torn by cañons and narrow gorges. The lower slopes were richly covered with dark forests, but higher up the summits had banks of snow, which gleamed under the bright rays of the sun. Westward, and extending for sixty miles, were the valleys of Salt Lake and of Utah Lake, dim and haze-obscured. At their extreme, and where

"Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold white sky
Shone out their covering snows,"

we caught a glimpse of proud old Nebo—grandest, highest, coldest of all the Wasatch heights. Above us arched the sky, blue, vast, and only dotted here and there by fleecy clouds, which threw upon the country below us irregular patches of light and shade. Mountain, meadow, brook and lake greeted us on every side. The valleys were green and fertile, while over all their wide expanse farm joined farm, and deep rich colors were formed by the gardens and fields of waving grain. Within the mountain-guarded region Evangeline might have lived. It would have satisfied her quiet heart, for

"Half-drowned in sleepy peace it lay,
As satiate with the boundless play
Of sunshine in its green array."

The lakes which dotted and the stream which watered it shone like purest crystals, or seemed like threads of silver, while to the east and on the west the "clear-cut hills" of blue stood like huge protectors riveted to their places by the beauty of the scene. The artist sketched, but worked in vain to reproduce the picture; and at last, gazing down the shadowed vale, began to quote:

"But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gray creation, hues like hers?"

And then, as the soft shades of evening began to creep over the snowy heights around us, we wandered

down the mountain-side, silenced by the beauties we had seen.

But no one ever visits Utah and remains for any length of time without taking more or less interest in mines and mining. One may as well visit London and not go to the Tower as to leave out Alta, Bingham and Frisco when sojourning in Mormondom. I had impressed this fact upon my friend, who otherwise could have passed the remainder of his days in Salt Lake City, and we agreed at last to go to Alta. Leaving town early one morning, we boarded the Denver and Rio Grande train, and were soon gliding swiftly down Salt Lake Valley to a place called Bingham Junction, where a change of cars is made for Alta and Bingham, two small but important mining towns lying respectively in the Wasatch and Oquirrh ranges.

The valley itself, down whose very centre the railway led us, is Utah's garden. Farms, orchards and meadows greeted us on every side. Hay is raised in large quantities, and we passed many stacks of the fragrant fodder standing in the midst of fields of yellow stubble which the mowers had left. To the east, and rising first into low foot-hills, and later into massive peaks, were the Wasatch Mountains; while westward, and extending in a long but broken line far toward the south, rose the Oquirrh's rounded ridges, in which were shaded cañons, and under which nestled little villages. The day was warm and clear, and so extended was our range of vision that snow-peaks a hundred miles away from us shone resplendent in the sunlight. The gardens, the green-leaved trees, the piles of mellow fruits, and the long patches of stubble gave an unlimited wealth of coloring; while the river Jordan, which we followed, wound in serpentine coils down the rich and cultivated region.

At the Junction we turned abruptly eastward, and soon began to scale a succession of low, sage-covered *mesas*, the way rapidly leading us into the mountains, and giving us every minute a better view of the valley, Salt Lake and the distant city. Soon, however, we ran in between two high headlands covered with trees and bushes, and a moment later were toiling up the narrow and ever-changing Little Cottonwood cañon. The mountain shut us in on every side. A bright stream of pure water ran beside us; there was a rich growth of brush clinging to the high and granite-strewn cliffs, but only by stretching our heads out of the car-window could the sky above be seen. At Wasatch, a few miles up the cañon, the railway ends, and the remainder of the distance to Alta is made by a tramway drawn by a tandem of mules. Stepping from the car into the small sled-like contrivance we began the steep ascent. The driver touched his leader with no gentle hand; we clung firmly to our frail seats, and soon were far up the narrow cañon, and skirting the steep sides of the cliffs. The higher we rode the steeper the way became, until the valley lay far beneath us, and its shrubbery, stream and half-concealed rocks were blended into an indistinct and vari-colored mass.

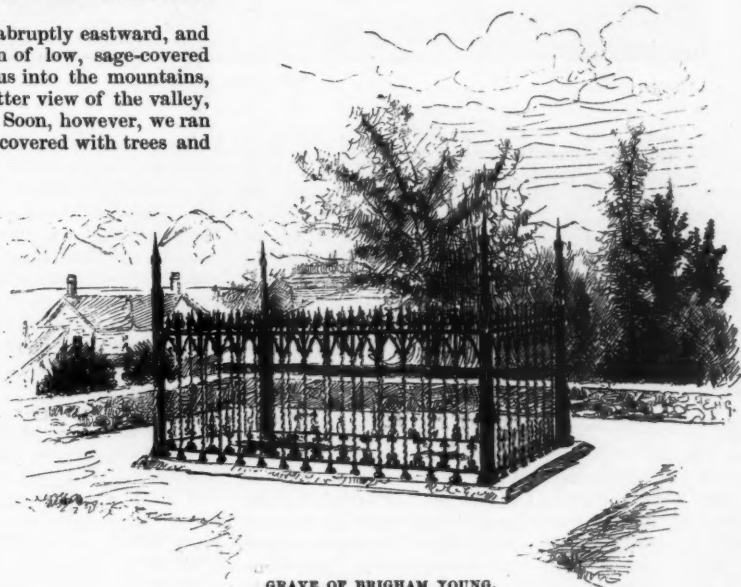
"A wonderful place for snow-slides, this," said the driver at my side, just as we came to a very narrow part of the road.

"Indeed?" I answered, not particularly interested just then in anything but the view we had of distant peaks and deep, dark gorges.

"Yes," continued the knowing one; "the snow drifts here from ten to forty feet deep, leaving the largest trees looking like shrubs. It's all right while the cold lasts, but when it begins to grow warm, look out for slides! Avalanches of a hundred acres have come down these slopes, crushing everything before them. One swept over Alta a few years ago, and six persons were killed, and as many more buried. A half-dozen men were buried in one gulch a thousand feet under packed ice and snow, and, when found in June, their bodies were as fresh and fair as if they had just ceased to breathe. I admire a grand view, but I don't want it from Alta in winter time."

And neither do I, for when we reached the little town—if you can call a collection of a few houses a town—it seemed situated so as to tempt all slides to destroy it. High mountains rose about the place, and the rude houses were perched upon such steep hill-sides that I wondered they did not fall down into the valley below. How cold it was, too! It seemed as though we had stepped into winter days, and when the driver said "All aboard!" we gladly turned from Alta and began our downward journey.

If we had crawled up to Alta, we flew down from it. The mules had been unhitched, and now our car began its nine-mile slide alone. The grade must have been



GRAVE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

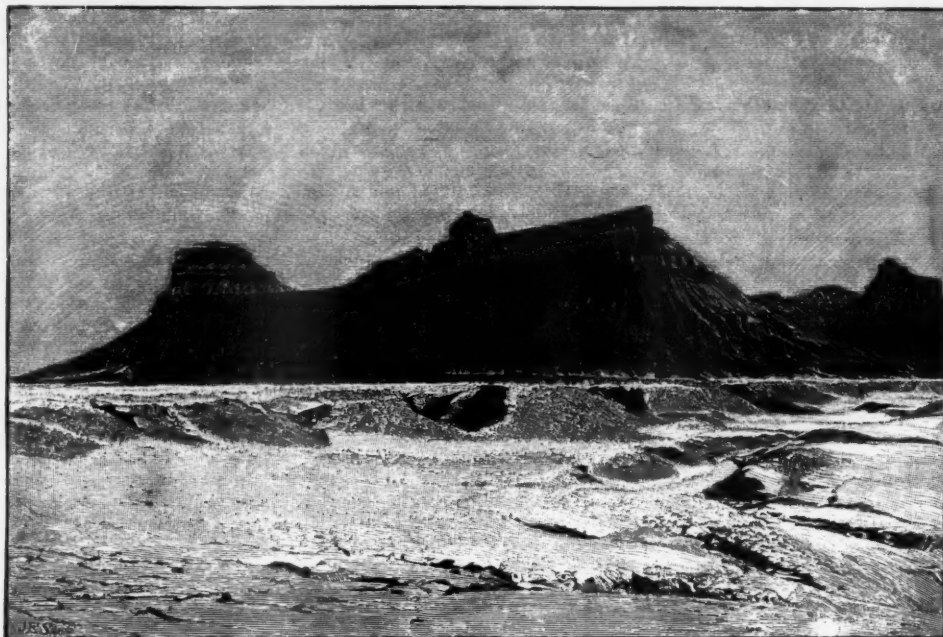
fully two hundred feet to the mile, and every moment our speed increased, until we were absolutely flying down the narrow path. At our left the valley sank away for five hundred feet or more; but on our right the rocky, shrub-lined cliffs rose to unseen heights. We glided through long snow-sheds, whirled about sharp

corners, danced over frail trestle-works, and, with swimming eyes and beating pulses, found ourselves at last safely at our journey's end.

"A good place to see—once," said he of the brush; but I say a good place to see many times—in summer—if only to have the excitement of the homeward slide.

boldly into Spanish Fork Cañon, which leads over the range into Eastern Utah and to Colorado.

Just before we lost sight of the town, we gained a view of Utah Basin. It lay spread out below us in all its length and breadth. High mountains grouped themselves in irregular heights about it. Far to the north,



THE BOOK CLIFFS.

Opposite Alta, but across Salt Lake Valley and in a little nook of the Oquirrh range, is Bingham, a mining camp, which is shut in by high hills, where incessant stamp-mill noises confuse the unaccustomed senses. We ran up there for a day, and saw the yellow earth give up its golden treasures, and how men worked in the big black tunnels they had dug under the massive mountains. After that we wandered among the farms down in the lower country, and explored the varied attractions of the adjoining regions. At length, growing tired of such scenes, we held a consultation as to our future course, and decided upon visiting Eastern Utah.

"Now, Central Utah I can find out about by asking," said the artist; "but not yet have I found a man who can tell me what sort of country lies over the range. I am for seeing it, dry and wild though it may be."

And what he wanted I agreed to. It saved a great deal of trouble—this readily agreeing trait of mine—and starting once more from Salt Lake City we ran down the valley, through the Narrows, separating Utah from Salt Lake basin, and at Provo made our first halt. This little Mormon town, shaded by countless trees and protected by the Wasatch Mountains, overlooks Utah Lake. It is the summer-resort of the territory. Rich farm-lands stretch away from it in nearly every direction; the accommodations are excellent and the views magnificent. Leaving it on our left, and after we had followed the lake-shore a few miles, the road—the Denver and Rio Grande, by the way—turned sharply toward the east, climbed a few sloping mesas, and then struck

and where the two ranges, the Wasatch and the Oquirrh, seemed to meet, stood Salt Lake City, dim and half-obscured by the distance. Opposite it we saw the lake itself, vast, dull-hued and motionless. Looking toward the south, the country appeared still more broken and uneven. Beyond the lake and with their lower slopes wrapped in delicate folds of blue haze, rose snow-tipped peaks, captained by Nebo Mountain. At our feet, and in the midst of softly-colored fields, lay the lake,

—"Where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depths yield of their far height and hue."

The sandy shores were lapped by gentle waves; birds skurried the mirror surface, and in the waters were reflected fleecy clouds, the deep blue sky, and the vast array of many-shaped mountains which surrounded it. The landscape was as gentle as that which Scotland offers—fresh, fair, grand and beautiful; a pastoral scene, where cattle fed and green trees waved over fields of gold-hued produce. A thousand changing lights fell on the mountain-sides; light clouds coquetted with their jagged peaks; and, isolated from the world, a picture in itself, the fertile valley faded from our sight as we onward pressed again to new and stranger scenes.

To get "over the Wasatch Mountains" was a much more difficult undertaking a few years ago than it is now. To-day the railway has scaled the lofty heights of the range, and, disregarding all obstacles, has reached the eastern portion of the territory beyond. We followed at first a succession of picturesque cañons, where

the foliage was abundant and pretty streams ran beside us. The cliffs, never high, were of red or white sandstone, cut into curious shapes and fringed with tall pines or half-concealed with clinging vines. Wherever a bend in the streams had made a meadow, we saw cattle feeding or came across small farms. In places there were narrow vales extending to our right and left, up whose tree-lined lengths we caught sight of snowy mountains in the distance. And, again, there would be miniature Niagaras leaping over the cliffs and falling in silvered spray into the stream below. At one place, the "Red Narrows" by name, the rocks are of a bright red, set off by green shrubs; and at another point are the "White Narrows," where the rocks are of a light gray tint. It seems at times as though the cañons had no outlet, so closely are they hemmed in by the mountains; and yet, by making sharp and frequent turns, the road escapes all hindrances, and in time gains the Soldiers' Divide, nearly eight thousand feet above sea-level, which leads to Price River Cañon, on the east side of the range.

Price River Cañon runs through a hunters' paradise. It is a deep, wild, rock-strewn, brush-grown gorge, and is watered by a stream which leaps over fallen rocks and swings around sharp headlands in deep masses of foam. The country away from the cañon consists of dense forests and grassy parks, where deer, bear, wolf and elk are found in great abundance. There are fresh, clear streams, too, in which are fish enough to keep an angler busy for many a day. In fact the top of the Wasatch range is as good a wilderness and is as well stocked as the lover of nature or the enthusiastic hunter

As we drew gradually nearer the foot of the mountains the cañon became deeper and more rugged. On the one side there were heavily-wooded and rounded foot-hills; but on the other the cliffs ended abruptly in long lines of palisade-like formations of red or yellow-colored sandstone. Now a rock resembled a huge castle, with rampart, tower, moat and loop-holes; and, anon, takes the shape of massive chimneys and strange heads. Scattered about in wild confusion at the base of the cliffs were giant boulders, which the frosts of winter had sent rolling from their former beds into the abyss below; and everywhere there was a rank growth of low bushes and graceful pines and cedars. But little sunshine falls into the gorge, and that which does reach there comes in broken and uneven patches through the abundant foliage.

We had nearly reached level ground again, and were following the line of the rugged cliffs into open country, when we came suddenly around a projecting mountain and in sight of Castle Gate. This natural wonder is the gateway through which Sydney Johnson's army marched on their way East, and beneath the frowning ports every one must pass who goes into or comes out of the range. The two pillars of roughly-hewn rock are nearly five hundred feet high, and are offshoots of the cliffs behind them. They resemble the bows of two immense ships about to rush against one another with mutually destructive results, and are so high and steep that no one has, yet climbed them. Their crests are bare, weather-beaten and desolate, but their bases are half-concealed by low-growing shrubs and wind-swept cedars. Between the pillars run the



A "MILL" AT GREEN RIVER.

could wish to see. Tall, gaunt trees, fallen and half decayed, upright and strong, or pushed by fierce winds against their fellows meet the eye at every turn; there are dark recesses, tumbling cascades, sweet-smelling breezes, and solitudes which speak to the imagination and fascinate the beholder.

river and the railroad, and as we stole slowly through the narrow way, past the red-hued heights, which,

—"Like giants, stand
To sentinel enchanted land,"

the scene was wild, strange, and yet full of picturesqueness. The tremendous pillars were so tall that the

sunlight touched their foreheads and threw long shadows on the cliffs behind, but lower down the shade was unrelieved of its grim darkness. Silence, broken only by the noise the river made, held the region captive. Looking back the way we had come, appeared the dark mass of the mountains, and eastward long lines of vari-

a rude camp had been erected to accommodate the track-layers and graders. There was one large tent for eating, another for cooking, and several for the men and contractors to sleep in. Scores of horses and mules were tethered before long feed troughs. The train we were on brought rails, ties, hay, and a miscella-



BLACK ROCK, SALT LAKE.

colored and curiously-shaped bluffs of crumbling sandstone faded out of sight down Castle Valley. We were over the Wasatch barriers. Before us lay Eastern Utah, and as we moved onward even the low foot-hills of the main range sank gradually into insignificant mounds of sand; vegetation, foliage and all the freshness we had been enjoying became things of the past. We were in a sea of dull-hued earth, and, when once fully upon its lonely wastes, we ceased to wonder that so few had been able to tell us of the region or had been unable to describe its utter loneliness.

Eastern Utah extends from the Wasatch Mountains to the western limits of Colorado. The region embraces an area which measures some two hundred miles across, and which is twice that number of miles long. In it there are no towns, no farms, no fresh tracts of any description. It is an arid desert, with sage-brush and sand-dunes, rolling mesas and long stretches of bare, bleak wastes. The climate is mild. By spring the Denver and Rio Grande Railway will have pushed across it, rendering the region easy of access. The adjacent mountains have mineral and coal; the soil, if irrigated, is capable of production, and in time the country may be reclaimed. Down one portion of it flows Price River, and across another runs the Green, while in the east are the Grand and Rio Dolores, and in the southeast the Rio Colorado.

At the present time, however, as I have hinted, there is no civilization, and nothing has been done toward reclaiming the sea-like district. We escaped from Castle Gate and the Castle Valley only to find that the railway track ended a short distance beyond. At the terminus

neous mass of goods. Far ahead of the camp we could see the long line of embankment which the graders had made, and the track was being laid at the rate of a mile a day. It was warm and pleasant in the valley. On either side were low ranges of hills, bare, dull-colored, dry and irregular. The dust was suffocating. A too sudden putting down of the foot raised a dense cloud of it. The tents, men, horses, and in fact all things about us, were white with the thick sediment. It was an active place, a scene of unusual life and movement.

"Shall we go on?" asked the artist, looking toward the desert which stretched before us. "Shall we hire a team and drive to the Colorado end of the railway extension, or go back to Salt Lake?"

"I am for going on," I answered. "I should like a few days in the desert. How long will it take us to reach Colorado?"

"Four or five days."

"Then I would rather try it."

And an hour later there was brought up before the tent in which we were lounging the "outfit" which we were to live by, or in, for the next four days, and until we had crossed nearly two hundred miles of dry, hot sand. The team consisted of a buckboard, a driver and a pair of very diminutive but very long-eared mules. The driver's name was "Owen;" but Owen what, we failed to discover. After strapping our bags to the wagon, and taking leave of our new-found friends, we were off, jolting, dust-obscured, crawling at a slow pace through the deep layers of powdered dust.

Traveling in a desert behind a pair of mules is fun at first, monotonous after a day, tiresome after two days,

and torture ever afterward. Fifty miles a day seems a short distance to make, but when you are bounced fully twenty miles in addition by the dust-covered stones in the way, the work of that twelve or thirteen hours is quite sufficient. I am of light weight, and the ruts and stones we went over kept me continually bobbing up and down, until every bone in my body ached; and as for the artist, he had despair written all over his face. Owen alone remained calm and indifferent. He spoke but rarely, flourished his whip continually, and got fully ten miles in two hours out of his mild-eyed animals. The dust was friendly; it was inclined to be extremely sociable. When we left camp we looked like ordinary travelers, but an hour later were as white as millers. Eyes, hair, clothes and satchels were pelted and powdered with the too friendly stuff. We brushed ourselves and fretted at first, but soon yielded to the inevitable, and prepared to see whatever there was around us.

And yet there was not much variety. The first day we drove along Price River, or rather a few miles north of where it ran. The farther we penetrated the desert the lower the hills on either side of us became, and when we camped at night in an engineer's tent, in a grove of cottonwoods, there was nothing but a vast plain before and behind us, and only a long line of cliffs on the left, which Owen said were known as the "Book Cliffs," and would follow us clear to Colorado.

Had we not been so thoroughly tired, I am sure we should have objected to the accommodations offered us; but, worn out as we were, the ground floor of a tent was most acceptable. After a hearty supper in the camp, we rolled ourselves up in the blankets we had brought, and with a pile of sand for a pillow, were soon in the land of slumber.

These camps (the fact may be stated here) were the only lodging-places which the desert provided for us during our entire journey. The chief engineer has one tent, and his assistants usually occupy three or four others, while cooking and eating takes place in another. The interiors are bare of everything except what is really necessary. The chief has a long table, a few books, some instruments, and a soft spot in a corner for his blankets. The assistants simply have their stove, and sleep in blankets on the ground. Sometimes the various tents are arranged with military precision, but usually are pitched in wild confusion; but, humble as these shelters are, I defy one to approach them late in the evening, after a hard day's drive, and not consider them the most inviting places he ever saw. There is usually a bright camp-fire burning, throwing a ruddy light upon the scene, and as the visitor approaches the dogs bark and a tent-flap is raised to allow a head to stick out, and a voice to bid the stranger welcome. After eating, we invariably grouped about the open fire with our host, smoked our pipes, and listened to the hoarse winds which blew across the desert spot. All was new, strange and odd, but yet warm and comfortable, and as snug a resting-place as one could wish.

Bright and early the next day, and while the air was still crisp and cold, we were off again. All the second day we toiled over a veritable desert. To the north ran the "Book Cliffs," and late in the day appeared the dim, red-colored, jagged outlines of the San Rafael range far away to the southward. No trees were to be seen, no birds, no patches of green grass. Everything was flat, dry and sandy. Only a few tufts of greasewood or sage relieved the dull monotony of the view.

"No," said Owen, "there ain't much variety, an' that's a fact; an' yet, let the wind blow pretty hard, as it does often, an' you'll get up a change pretty sudden."

"How is that?" we asked.

"Wal, you see, when the wind sweeps over there right smart it just makes a powerful lot o' dust and sand fly, an' it's all a man wants to do to face a dry storm like that. Yes, sir; these mounds here are made by the wind, an' all this sand keeps changing so the place looks different every time I see it."

And then he told us a few facts more. Near the base of the cliffs there is some grazing-land of sweet short grasses, which the cattle of the region live on. In the San Rafael range mineral has been found, and there are huge rocks and cañons, which serve as hiding-places for the cattle-thieves who sometimes infest the country. Water is scarce, but the few wells which have been dug have struck it at a slight depth. Price River



A BIT OF ALTA.

leaves the desert and runs through Box Cañon, in the Book Cliffs, until it reaches the Green. The winters are mild, the summers hot. The earth is usually caked and hard, but where broken by freight-teams is soft and dusty. There is little or no rainfall, and no attempt has yet been made to cultivate the soil.

As the day advanced we gained a better view of the

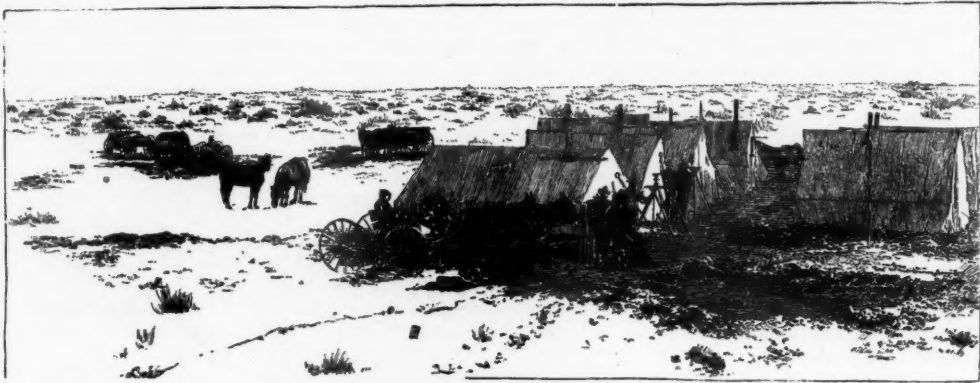
San Rafael range. It stretched before us for fifty miles or more, and faded away at last in a dim blue distance. The Book Cliffs, high, knife-like, and colored by seams of shale, continued at our side. At times these were like massive cottages, and huge chimneys were formed by isolated portions, but usually the fronts were steep and unbroken, and not a sign of verdure could be seen. Around us stretched the level plain, dull and barren, and with only low sand-dunes to break the outline. In such a region the quiet and stillness became at times oppressive. Our voices grew hushed in sympathy, and for hours we drove slowly and silently along our way. Now and then we frightened up a flock of small birds which exactly resemble the sand-birds along the sea-coast, and anon a buzzard sailed solemnly over our heads. It seemed as though nature, prodigal elsewhere of her gifts, had neglected this portion of the world, so bereft was it of every trace of beauty.

The afternoon of the second day brought us to Green

"How far is the Rio Colorado Cañon from here?" we inquired.

"Can't say, exactly," he answered. "Don't know none here as ever got there. Do you see them rocks," pointing to a wild confusion of red-tinged boulders piled up in the near distance in the south. "Well, all the country below here is like that, an' 'twould take pretty hard work to get through to the Colorado. Pretty rough country, mister, and don't you forget it!"

A little beyond the Green we came to a *mesa* which stretched across our path. Climbing it, there was obtained a view such as we had not enjoyed since we stood on Ensign Peak. All day we had obtained unsatisfactory glimpses of some snow-capped peaks extending in broken masses across the plains, and Owen had said they were of the Sierra La Salle range. He, however, had cautioned us to waste no enthusiasm, for, as he said, "You can't see 'em good now, but after passing Green River I can give you a good look at 'em." And



CAMPED IN THE DESERT.

River. Rounding a high point of the cliffs we saw the stream glistening in the sunlight, and winding down a sandy valley. A fringe of cottonwood trees attracted our notice first, and hours of steady travel elapsed before we reached the river itself. Driving down the sloping banks, and fording the clear but shallow waters, we came to the first settlement of any description we had yet seen. It boasted the name of Green River City, and consisted of three or four rough, log-built cabins, with the words "Saloon" and "Restaurant" conspicuously displayed on soiled canvas over the doorways. In front of the primitive shops were congregated a few ill-dressed, rough and greasy-looking men, who live by supplying passing freighters with "forty-rod whisky" and vile-tasting cigars. Before the "town" ran the river, coming out of a cañon in the cliffs, and entering another soon after. It was down the Green and through its cañons that Major Powell passed on his way to the Rio Colorado, though, as an old fellow said to us, "he didn't believe Powell ever made that trip, 'cause he'd tried it, and couldn't noways near get through the gorge."

"Is it a deep cañon?" we asked.

"Deep!" he echoed; "deep! Well, I should say so. An' not only that, but full o' rocks an' whirlpools, an' as dark as night. I tell you, I don't want to try 't again."

when we had reached the top of the *mesa* this mild enthusiast halted his team with, "Now you can see 'em," and bade us look.

Shall we ever forget the sight! Behind us ran the river, the only bright line in the dreary waste. Beyond it stretched the desert. Far in the west the San Rafael range threw out its long, red, broken arm, and where it was obscured by haze some snowy heights appeared in view, mellowed by the distance and soft as the hills of Italy. Before us, twenty miles away, and separated from our *mesa* by a wide stretch of valley, towered the Sierra La Salle. In the midst of so much low ground the height seemed double what it really was. White banks of snow covered the serrated peaks, and snow-banners blew in veil-like threads far off their sharp points. Lower down the mountain-sides were covered with a thick growth of timber; and lower still appeared huge chimneys, domes and factory-shaped pinnacles of red sandstone. To the left of the range, low, wooded, blue-tinted hills extended to a dim distance, while between them and the La Salle, the deep, red-rocked cañon, worn by the Rio Dolores, opened its wide mouth to us from out the greenness around it. At the end of the intervening valley ran the River Grand, hid from our sight, but with its course marked by twin rows of cottonwoods growing on its banks. At the foot of the main range, so Owen told us, there is a Mormon colony living in

what is called "Little Green Valley," where there are fertile fields and rich farms, and a summer climate three-fourths of the year. But the distance to this little oasis was so great that we could discover no trace of civilization there. The valley nearest us appeared smooth and level, but in reality was filled with deep washes, and the dry cracks formed a network over its whole extent.

The La Salle peaks were the most enjoyable feature of the landscape. Every cone differed from its neighbor in size and shape; and yet there was not one which did not have its heavy covering of purest snow. Not a tree, no suggestion of a rock was to be seen among the white pinnacles. Every summit stood boldly out against the deep blue sky like a bit of Arctic grandeur peeping above a virgin forest. From the topmost heights sharp ridges ran into lower depths where the pines grew, and formed deep gorges and dazzling cañons. The towering masses seemed like giants of ice—cold, solitary, powerful, and able to withstand the fiercest storms. There the rays of the early sun were seen, and long after the desert was wrapped in dusky shades they still were bathed in a light which seemed loth to leave them. Fingers of a frozen hand, they pointed ever upward,

landmarks for miles and miles of space around them, and speaking of a grand, a beautiful life of stainless purity, which those who gaze at them try at times so hard to live. And then the forests, merged by the distance into compact layers of green, told us of sylvan shades where nature had never been disturbed. Trees fell there, and no eyes, save those of wild animals, saw their death. We looked from a desert to a wilderness; we stood where the earth was dry and parched and saw where waters ran and freshness abounded.

We camped that night near the mesa, and before we slept the moon had risen, and threw its cold, mellow light over the shining peaks. Long, gaunt shadows fell upon the snowy and upon the tree-covered ranges. The wild coyotes of the desert filled the air with their mournful cries. Around us the camp-fires burned briskly, lighting up the feeding mules tethered within their glow. The sky above, clear, vast and arched, was filled with sparkling stars and planets. We were in another world, a foreign region, alone with nature. The wind of night whistled its mournful notes, and, warmly tucked beneath our blankets, we knew that, high on the La Salle peaks, the snows were drifting and wild winter was holding drear carnival.

EDWARDS ROBERTS.

DENCY MERRILL'S WEDDING.

BY MARY ALLEN.

DENCY MERRILL sat on the doorstep of the old log house which was her birthplace, and had been her home for eighteen years, and gazed with a happy face across the "big medder" toward a little clump of trees which intervened between her and a certain little new log house, from which she could faintly hear the sound of a hammer.

This was not the first evening she had thus sat listening to that sound and watching to catch a glimpse of Sam coming down the road whistling a merry tune. It was always the same tune that he whistled, and Dency knew that linked with the melody was a simple rhyme of a happy life, a little home, and a loving wife.

As the first sharp, clear note smote upon her ear she would arise from her seat and go and meet him; and when Sam saw her coming the whistle would die away as the contracted lips expanded into a broad smile. There was never any formal greeting between the two, for Dency Merrill and Sam Wheeler were plain, practical people, whose feelings rarely took the form of words, but manifested themselves chiefly in unromantic deeds.

Dency, especially, was lacking in sentimentality. She was a woman who could mend and make and scrub and bake for the man of her choice; one who would always have the meals served promptly, and keep the house in order; one who would, with untiring zeal and a certain womanly skill, perform all the duties of a nurse in illness, but who would not be apt to sweeten her zeal in serving with many loving phrases or merely tender touches.

"I believe in plain vittles," she used to say. "Pork and beans and good cider vinegar is good enough for me, but them that wants mush and molasses kin have 'em, only they needn't expect 'em where I'm cook."

And Sam expected neither softness nor sweetness in

Dency, and he honestly enjoyed and appreciated the homely sturdiness and piquancy of her character, which the "pork and beans and vinegar" of her simile typified.

The rough, active life of the pioneer does not tend to the especial development of the emotional nature, but rather of a rugged reticence in regard to mere feelings.

"We think as much of our own folks as anybody, but we've no time to palaver," was the general opinion expressed in homely phrase.

Sam Wheeler, absorbed, like every one else, in supplying the inexorable demands of the body, was quite unaware that he possessed a vein of genuine sentiment, and, indeed, would not have understood it had any one suggested the fact to him; but he did understand the happy light that shone in Dency's eyes as she came to meet him on this bright afternoon, and he understood by the sweet thrill that stirred his heart when their eyes met, that she was dearer to him than aught else in the world.

His greeting as they met was:

"Wal, Dency, my girl, it's all done, even to the button on the back door. I've put up a corner-cubberd fur ye, 'n' made a swing-shelf down suller. I've sot up the stove in the 'lean-to,' 'n' I've swept out 'the room' and got it all ready fur ye to go to work to-morrer. I reckon you hain't been idle to-day, nuther."

"Wal, I just hain't. Ef I hain't flew around to-day there's no use a-talkin'. Ma's been as cross as two sticks, but she hain't set down all day; 'n' Elsie, too, she's worked like a nailer. We've got two dozen punkin' an' two dozen mince pies baked, 'n' a heap o' johnny-cake, a bushel-basket o' doughnuts—you won't forget the cider, will ye?—'n' we've biled a ham, 'n' we got sassage, dried beef, pickles, 'n' a splendid m'lasses cake

that's as nice as a fruit cake. It's got dried apples stewed in m'llasses and cut up fine into it. M'lindy Bailey showed me how to make it; she learned when she went to Tadmore to her cousin's weddin'. Ma made a one-two-three-four cake, and as fur bread, I reckon we've bread enough of the whole 'Six-Mile Woods' had been bid to the weddin'. M'lissy Jones is comin' over to cook the meat and pertaters to-morrer afternoon. I only hope 'twon't rain."

Sam had listened to all these details with profound interest; it was evident that they were of moment to him.

"How early ye goin' over to-morrer?" he asked.

"Oh, I'll be there afore you. There's a heap o' work to do over there. I'll have to be stirrin' by sun-up. I'll bring a snack, so we won't have to take time to come hum to dinner. Hain't you comin' in?"

"Shan't have time to-night, Dence. Got some settlin' up to do with the old man."

Dencey laughed.

"Comes putty hard on our folks—your'n 'n' mine—losin' their best han's just 'fore harvest. Wal, I reckon when we're a livin' over there," pointing toward the grove, "they'll think a heap more on us than they ever hev, even ef we allers have stayed to hum and slaved fur 'em fur nothin'. Ma don't set no great store by me, but she'll miss me when it comes to cookin' fur harvest han's, I kin tell ye. But pa, now, I think he 'preciates what I do, and I'm glad we hain't goin' so fur away but what we kin see him real often."

Sam had a dim comprehension of the fact that it is no light thing for a girl to leave her home and parents forever, even to go with the man of her choice, and work with him in the founding of a new home; and there was a touch of deep feeling in his voice as, laying one hand upon Dencey's shoulder, he said:

"Wal, Dence, to-morrer at this time we'll be a livin' over there in our own home, 'n' your father 'n' mother'll allus be welcome there. An' Dencey, I've allus said that ef I ever had a woman I'd be good to her, 'n' I mean ter be a good husband to ye."

Dencey's practical little heart was touched; but, true to her creed, she replied rather abruptly:

"O' course ye will, Sam. Ef I didn't know that I wouldn't hev ye. I hain't a bit afeared but what you'll be as good a husband as I will a wife, any day. I hain't no angel, 'n' I don't pretend to be. I expect to make ye stan' 'roun', Sam."

Sam laughed as if he fancied he should enjoy being made to "stan' 'roun'" by her, and, with a "Wal, I'll resk it," he went down the road whistling his favorite air, while Dencey entered the house.

She found her mother "flyin' 'roun' like a hen with her head cut off," as she expressed it, getting supper for "the hands," assisted by a lazily-moving girl of about fifteen, who immediately sat down when she saw Dencey come in.

"Now you Elsie," screamed Mrs. Merrill from the pantry, "you git right up 'n' finish settin' that table, 'n' Dencey can fry the ham. Here we've been a-cookin' all day, and hain't got nothin' to eat after all. I'll be glad when this pesky weddin's over, and we kin have a little peace and quietness onct more. You'd think, pa, to see the way Dencey's been a-fussin' all day, that she 'spected the folks was a-comin' to her weddin' in a starvin' condition fur want of food. Why, if we'd a quarter 'f an army to feed, as they used to in Revolutionary times, we'd hev orations enough fur 'em; but it allus puzzles me why they didn't divide 'em 'roun' more evenly. A quarter 'f an army to a family! There ain't much equillery-bim to that."

Mrs. Merrill, as you will perceive, was not an educated woman, but she was Eastern-born, and had emigrated to the West in her early girlhood, so that she had had better opportunities than many of her neighbors, and had been a reader of a variety of books, and therefore imagined herself quite a literary woman.

Farmer Merrill, a rough old man, without an atom of pretension, generally laughed at his wife's attempts to "show off afore folks," but said nothing. At this time he turned to Dencey, who was moving about at her work in a manner which showed that she was a little irritated.

"Wal, Dence," said he, "a gal never has a weddin' but onct, do they?"

"Yes, they do, pa," interrupted Elsie. "Folks sometimes gits married more 'n once."

"A gal don't," said her father jocosely. "There's never but one weddin' fur a gal, 'n' I don't blame her fur wantin' a tip-top out-'n'-out rip-snorter, I don't."

Dencey gave her father a grateful look, and announced that supper was ready.

"Do ye need any help to-morrer gittin' things ship-shape?" asked the farmer, as they drew around the table, and the ham and potatoes and johnny-cake began to circulate.

"I reckon we won't need any help, pa. Sam said he'd got the carpenterin' all done."

"Fore I'd go to livin' in a log-cabin," said Elsie in a contemptuous tone, "when everybody now-a-days builds frame-houses!"

"Ye've lived in a log-cabin all your days," said her father sternly, "'n' ef ever you git as likely a feller as Sam Wheeler, I'll be mighty thankful, I kin tell ye. Though," he added as an after-thought, "I'd be sorry fur him."

A general laugh went round the table at poor Elsie's expense, and, with a toss of her head, she replied:

"They hain't any one 'roun' here you'll ever hev a chance to feel sorry fur, I kin tell ye that," and she flouted herself out of the room.

"Now, pa," said Mrs. Merrill, "you're too hard on Elsie. She's as good as Dencey any day, but she hain't quite as ambitious, and she takes to books like I used to. She'll be a lady ef she has a chance."

"Hope she'll take herself away from here then," growled the farmer. "I don't want none o' your fine bandbox ladies 'roun' me. I want folks that's got some git-up-and-dust to 'em like Dencey—folks that hain't afeard o' silin' their han's with hard work."

"But Elsie hain't well."

"Pshaw! Needn't tell me! An' ef she hain't it's because she don't do nothin'. I'd get peakin' and pinin', too, ef I didn't do no more 'n she does. But there's one good thing—she'll hev to work when Dencey's gone."

"Sun-up" the next morning saw Dencey, true to her intention, with her lunch-basket on her arm, wending her way to the little new house; but Sam was there before her, and met her at the door with a smile of welcome.

"Didn't believe you'd beat me, Dence. I've got a fire made and water hot fur scrubbin'."

"I allus knowed you was wuth savin', Sam. An' ef you hain't put a roller fur the towel, too! That's real handy."

"Here's a nail fur your bunnet, 'n' the basket kin stand on this shelf. It's a nice, tidy little place, hain't it, Dence?"

"It'll be tidy after I've worked at it a spell," replied Dencey, as she took off her sun-bonnet, rolled up

her sleeves, and pinned up the skirt of her dress. And then there ensued such a rubbing and a scrubbing as that building never saw before—or after either, for that matter.

Sam was her willing slave. He it was who kept up the fire and brought the water. He nailed up the pretty curtains of striped calico, whereon yellow cupids shot blue arrows from the hearts of gigantic roses at preposterous men and women, and he it was who admired silently the pretty bare feet that pattered about on the wet floor, to "save the shoes," which were resumed when the floor was dry. At noon Dency made coffee, and, spreading a brown table-cloth over the pine table of Sam's own manufacture, laid the simple meal.

"We'll have to set on these hosses," said Sam, bringing in the four-legged wooden steeds to which carpenters give that name.

"All right. We shan't have time to set long. There's a right smart chance o' work to do before two o'clock, fur I'm goin' home then."

"Fur the last time," said Sam, with a grin. "Will you please pass the bread, Mis' Wheeler?"

A bright flush shot over Dency's face, but she saucily replied: "Better not count your chickens 'fore they're hatched. I hain't Mis' Wheeler yit, 'n' ef you hain't keeful maybe I won't never be."

"I'll resk it!"

"You're allus willin' to resk it, but there's sich a thing as reskin' it once too often. Now, lemme see. What's to be done? You've got hosses and boards enough to fix the tables fur supper?"

"I calk'late I have."

"Well, then, there's all the vittles to be brung over 'n' put in the cellar, and cheers to be brung from your home and our 'n' fur the wimmen folks—the men folks kin stand. Then we're to go home and git rigged up, and come back. As the folks come they'll leave their hosses in pa's barn and walk over, 'n' about four o'clock the weddin' 'll take place."

"Glory hallelujah!" shouted Sam, seizing Dency around the waist and giving her a rousing kiss. "There's where the laugh comes in."

"Maybe you'll find it hain't, ef you don't behave yourself and quit puttin' me out so. Then after the weddin' you'll hev to see to the boys gittin' the tables ready and bringin' up the vittles, while the things is cookin'; 'n' I must git the pertaters all ready fur bilin', 'n' the fire laid all ready to kindle. I reckon we kin hev supper ready by six, at the furthest; then we'll give 'em an hour to git their suppers, 'n' an hour to clean up and wash the dishes, so I calk'late we could begin dancin' by eight."

"We'll hev a jolly old house-warmin', won't we Dence? The gals are goin' to help, I s'pose."

"O, yes, M'lissy 'll tend to the cookin', and Becky and Cynthia 'll help me wash the dishes."

"But you're not goin' to wash dishes, Dency, 'n' with your weddin' gown on too!"

"They're my dishes," replied the future Mrs. Wheeler, with decision, "'n' I'm goin' to see that they're washed proper ef I have to do it myself."

"Catch Dency a shirkin'," said Sam admiringly to himself, as his prospective housekeeper went to the door to shake the table cloth.

By two o'clock Dency's plans had been carried out, and she and Sam repaired to their paternal homes, to meet again at the little new house in bridal attire. "Not later than half past three," as Dency said when they parted, "fur we must be here fust, you know, to look after the folks when they come."

"It's an awful clus, muggy day, Dency, 'n' it's sartinly goin' to rain," was Mrs. Merrill's greeting as her daughter entered the house.

"O, ma, you're allus borrierin' trouble, I don't believe it 'll rain; ef it does 't'll be only a shower to lay the dust 'n' clear the air."

"Wal, you don't borrier trouble," replied Mrs. Wheeler in an aggrieved tone. "You won't even take it when it comes."

"I just won't ef I kin help it," answered the girl as she went up stairs to make her wedding toilet. Mrs. Merrill's prophecy proved true. In less than a quarter of an hour a brisk rain was falling.

"What d'ye think now?" called that lady in a tantalizing tone from the foot of the stairs.

"Jest you wait, ma," floated down the cheery reply. And Dency's prophecy proved also true, for the rain lasted but a short time, and the sun came out clearer, brighter than ever; and the grass and leaves, with bright, clean, sparkling faces, kissed the feet and hands and showered blessings on the head of the happy maiden as she hurried across the "big medder" toward the little new house already so dear to her heart.

As in the morning, Sam met her at the door, with a smile of welcome, but there was a strange embarrassment in their greeting. Sam, no doubt, felt a little awkward and constrained in his new suit, and in truth did not look as graceful and manly as in his everyday homespun; but Dency, like every woman, felt more at ease because of the consciousness that she was well dressed, but for the first time she fully realized that she had reached the last boundary line of girlhood. No wonder that she shrank back a little timidly when she knew that the actual moment of crossing it had come.

Silently she crossed "the room" and busied herself in rearranging the curtains, and silently Sam watched her. He took in every detail; the rounded figure, the pretty green challé dress with its pagoda sleeves, the cherry-colored neck-ribbon, his gift, and the abundant black hair so glossy and smooth, puffed over each ear in the prevailing style; and he thought no one in the world could be as pretty and good as Dency.

At length, going to where she stood gazing out of the window, he seated himself, and drew her down upon his knee. She made no resistance, but fixed her eyes intently upon a short crisp curl just over his left ear, which she twirled around her fingers.

Sam tried to speak, but was surprised that his voice refused to come. "Some pesky thing in my throat chokes me," thought he, as he worked at the stiff collar with his fingers, and after a violent hemming he succeeded in clearing his throat.

"You don't know how proud and happy I am, Dency girl;" (this was his pet name) "proud of you, and proud I've got a little home to bring ye to. 'Tain't what I'd a hed ef I could a hed my wish, but every stroke of work that's been done here has been done with a thought o' you. I said to myself, 'Now Sam, make your work true and honest like your love fur Dency. You know you're true to her from the shaggy outside, clear down to the core,' and I hev done honest work on this house. 'It'll stand as long as we live, and we'll keep it, won't we? No matter how rich we get, or how big a house we may build some day, we'll allus keep this little caboose, and tack it on to the big house somewheres; and we'll show it to our children and grand-children as the place where we was first married and went to keepin' house, won't we?"

Dency felt the quick blood leap into her face at his words. She had almost been on the point of crying, but

it wouldn't do to be such a goose; and therefore, to hide her true feeling, and her embarrassment, she answered in a half-tantalizing tone:

"It's a mighty good thing fur yer that you hed the house ef you wanted me."

"So," replied Sam, laughingly, "it's the house you're a marryin', and not the man."

"Jest so," said Dency. "Catch me a marryin' and goin' home to his folkses, like Marthy Wright, and a hev'n' his old mother a standin' over me to watch ef I scraped each plate a hull minute 'fore I put it into the dish-pan. Nor I wouldn't take him home to my folkses, nuther, like Sally Bailey did, 'n' hev him a puttin' up with the old man's jawin'."

"Wal, I don't blame ye fur that feelin', Dency; but ef I hedn't hed a house, wouldn't ye a married me, eh? Wouldn't ye Dency?" And he drew his arm more tightly about her, and looked into her face with eyes from which the smile had fled. Somehow her words had touched him deeply. He did not believe that Dency was influenced by the material comforts he could give her, but after what she had said he wanted to hear her say it was for himself that she accepted his offer. Dency did not, in the least, comprehend the feeling that prompted his eager question. Knowing in her own heart that Sam's being "well to do" had had no influence over her, she felt that she had given him the strongest proof of her love in promising to be his wife, and just now her own nature was under the influence of so new and strange a feeling. Realizing the necessity of diverting her thoughts from herself, and breaking from Sam's detaining grasp, she sprang up, saying:

"Don't be foolish, Sam! Here comes Uncle Joel and Aunt Matildy," and she hastened away to welcome the first of the wedding guests.

Sam followed her, calling back to his face the smile, and saying to himself: "She's only jokin', of course. I know Dency, 'n' she's true as steel;" but the longing for the expression of love from her lips still remained, and would not be banished.

"Sam looks awful stiff," whispered M'lindy Bailey to Dency. "I hope gittin' married hain't goin' to make him disagreeable."

The house which Sam had prepared for his bride was a small one, made of hewn logs, and contained but one room. There was, however, a slab "lean to" or "shanty" built in the rear, which was to answer as a summer kitchen. The cellar was reached by an outside stairway, which was protected by a door set at an angle which Sam said to himself would make it a "nice sliding place fur the children."

The grove which hid from their view the Merrill homestead was in reality some distance away, there being no large trees in close proximity to the little dwelling.

Looking from the back door of the "lean to" straight across the "big medder," Dency could see the new barn which her father had built at some distance from the old house, near to the "rise of ground" upon which he intended some day to put a new house, when he could "allus keep an eye on Dency," he said. She noticed that none of the friends had left their conveyances at the new barn, and spoke of it to her father.

"No," said he. "There's room enough in the old barn, and it's so much nearer the house, I didn't think it wuth while fur 'em to hev to trapse off down there with their teams. The hosses won't know whether the barn's new or old."

The friends who had come to Dency's wedding were from a circle of fifteen miles radius, and were a home-

spun set of hard-working farmers, but with big hearts brimming over with kindness and good nature. The men gathered in knots and clusters outside the house, with hands in breeches-pockets or whittling, with hats pushed back from their faces, and their cheeks distended with generous quids of tobacco, the expressed essence of which they distributed right and left with lavish impartiality, while they discussed crops and stock and the failures and successes of farming. The women sat in little groups in "the room," and openly scanned and criticised each other's attire, or exchanged experiences in household matters or infantile ailments.

"I don't think that color is becomin' to you, Cynthy. You allus was saller, but that makes you look as yaller as a punkin'."

"Seems to me you got the puckers of your skirt too much in a heap on one side."

"My Willie had the hoopin' cough harder 'n any young 'un I ever saw."

"'Twouldn't be possible to hev it harder 'n my Sally Ann. Why, she—"

"Yas, white woolen stockin's does full up awful. I gin'ally color Becky's Sunday ones with cut bur, but fur every day, blue dye—"

"Oh, the sight o' sassige we eat! It's a caution, I tell you. But then he allus says hogs don't cost much fur keep, 'n' he was brung up on sassige, 'n' so I—"

So interested were both speakers and auditors that they had not noticed that the day had grown a little darker, though there were many exclamations of "It's awful clus to-day," "A real muggy day;" but no one heard the low, shuddering sigh that stirred the leaves of the trees and set them to whispering a prophecy. And they did not hear when the sigh grew into a sob, and far away in the distance there was heard a sound like the voiceless roar of a wild animal furious for prey.

The men outside said they "reckoned 'twas goin' to rain," and they "s'posed it was most time fur the sur-remony, anyway;" so one after another they straggled into the house.

The minister, seated in a big arm-chair which had belonged to Grand'ther Wheeler, and had descended to Sam, was deep in a conversation with Deacops Jones and Green on church affairs.

"I saw your father going across the medder," said Sam to Dency. "What's he goin' fur?"

"Fur the family Bible. He 'll be back soon."

Farmer Merrill, going across the "big medder" for the family Bible, which was his wedding-gift to Dency, and in which he intended to have the preacher make an entry of the marriage, was so busy with his own thoughts that his ears were at first deaf to these portents in the air, but at length he took note of a low, rumbling sound, like the approach of a distant train of cars. A railroad had been built the year before so near that they often heard the trains thundering over it.

"Didn't know ther' was a train this time o' day," said the farmer to himself as he entered his house, and went in search of the Bible. "Must be a tremenjous heavy train, too. Never heard such an infernal racket. Why, what's the matter? It's got pitch-dark all of a suddint." And grasping the book, upon which he had laid his hand just as the darkness fell upon him, he hurried to the door. For a moment he could see nothing, and then, as suddenly as it had fallen, the darkness cleared away, and looking down the road he was amazed to see his new two-wheeled "sulky" come sailing out of the top of the new barn.

"Je-whittaker!" exclaimed he. "That's mighty cur'us! Don't see how that could happen 'thout the ruf

comin' off!" And glancing in the direction which the little vehicle took, he saw the roof sailing over the orchard. "It's a harricane," he groaned, "an' Sam's house is right in the track on it."

But Sam's house was hidden by the veil of blackness in which the terrible destroyer had wrapped itself—the dear little house which Sam had proudly boasted would stand as long as they lived. And perhaps it had. Perhaps in its ruins Dency and Sam were both lying dead. With this awful fear in his heart, Farmer Merrill hurried across the meadow, yet not daring to raise his eyes to see the desolation which the tornado had caused. But as the rumbling grew fainter in the distance, he nerved himself to bear the inevitable, and looked up. Ah! the house was gone—gone entirely, not piled, a heap of ruins, upon crushed and bleeding human forms, but gone bodily, lifted from its foundations, the heavy timbers being carried away, and the floor being left uninjured, while upon it lay a strangely mingled heap of men, women and children, too frightened to cry aloud.

The first warning of the approaching tornado that was noticed by the company was the distant rumbling, which by them, as by Farmer Merrill, was attributed to the cars. As it drew nearer and became more intense, Caleb Green had given a glance out of the back door, and exclaimed in alarm, "It's no train. It's hell a comin'!" And the next moment the place was enveloped in a thick cloud, and it seemed to them as if a legion of fiends were howling about them. Their ears were assailed by a confusion of awful noises, roaring, whistling, shrieking, and amid all a strange grinding and tearing sound, while the walls shook and quivered as if in deadly fear.

Men, women and children threw themselves into each others' arms and awaited the awful crisis. Sturdy, brave-souled and daring, no one fainted or went into hysterics, but all, with an instinct of self-preservation, threw themselves flat upon the floor.

In that awful moment Sam's one thought had been of Dency, and he endeavored to shield her with his own body from injury. "T'll have to kill me fust 'fore it can tech her," he said to himself; and he felt a fierce sort of joy in thought that, even if Dency didn't care particularly for him, he loved her well enough to be glad to die for her.

The storm had passed, a dead silence succeeded the fiendish tumult, the clouds broke away and the sun once more looked down upon them with a broad smile.

Sam finding himself unhurt, was the first to spring to his feet and assist Dency to rise. Pale, but erect, she stood and looked about her upon the figures that still cowered on the floor at her feet, then anxiously out toward the meadow. She drew a deep sigh of relief as she saw her father coming running toward them. "Father's alive yit!" she exclaimed, "'n' I guess there hain't nobody hurt," and Sam felt her hold upon him relax, and her form begin to tremble.

"Set down, do, Dency; you're all unstrung," he whispered.

In another moment she would have been sobbing hysterically upon his shoulder had not her mother, who had been lying near her, arisen to a sitting posture, and, clasping her knees with her hands, rocked back and forth groaning and wailing:

"It's a judgement! It's a judgement! I knew somethin' dreadful would happen, 'cause Sam begun the house on Friday."

At these words Dency raised her head and turned toward her mother, who continued:

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I knew Dency wouldn't git

married this year when she sot them tew cheer backs together."

The minister, who in the general alarm had thrown over the arm-chair in which he sat, and ensconced himself safely underneath its generous shelter, now thrust out his head like a turtle from its shell, and said in his most sepulchral tones:

"The hand of the Lord is in it."

Sam felt Dency's hold upon him unclasp. She moved away from him toward the speaker. Then there flashed through his mind the question he had asked, which Dency would not answer. His house was gone and she was leaving him; the horror of the tornado was heaven compared with the anguish of that thought. Yet he would say no word to keep her. She should be free, but brave as he was he could not repress the groan that sprang from the depths of his heart at the thought.

Dency heard the groan, and her first thought was that Sam was injured, and she hurriedly whispered: "Are you hurt, Sam?"

He shook his head. But if not injured, why so pale? why those clinched hands, those tightly drawn lips?

"You are hurt," she insisted.

"No, not hurt, Dency, but *your* house is gone."

Quick-witted Dency grasped the meaning of that groan at once, and she turned quickly toward the preacher, who had now arisen and, with a pompous manner, was saying:

"It is evident that the Lord did not intend this wedding to take place—"

"I knowed it—I knowed it," sighed Mrs. Merrill. "Poor Dency! she was so proud of her house."

"Pride always goes before a fall," continued the minister.

With one look at Sam, a look so full of love that it would have healed at once his poor wounded heart, if he had seen it, Dency stepped toward the minister and spoke up, proudly:

"Ef you think I'm goin' to be cheated out of my weddin' this way you're much mistaken. I wa'n't a marryin' Sam Wheeler for his house—"

Do you hear that, Sam? Yes, Sam heard, and the courage came back to his heart, and the light to his eye, and he moved forward and took his place by Dency's side.

"They ain't no one hurt. Sam and I are here, and ef we can't be married under our own ruf we can be over our own sullen. An' ef Sam's willin' to take me right now, and here, you can go ahead with the ceremony."

The minister looked at Mrs. Merrill in a bewildered way as Sam replied:

"I'm only too glad to take ye now, Dency, fur life and death; and bless ye fur your brave, true words."

As the minister, still uncertain what to do, glanced from one to another, the voice of Farmer Merrill was heard:

"All right, parson. Go ahead 'n' marry 'em, 'n' give 'em your blessin'. Folks that's got grit like that ought to be helped, not hendered."

So, in their roofless, wall-less home, with the traces of desolation on every side, in the awe and hush of escape from a fearful death, with the fierce tornado thundering in the distance, and the bright June sun shining overhead, Sam Wheeler and Dency Merrill took upon themselves the vows that made them man and wife.

A quiet bustle of congratulations followed, which was interrupted by a loud burst of laughter from those standing on one side of the room, and Becky Smith's sharp voice was heard to exclaim:

"Wal, I du declare! Si Peters, how under the sun and airth did you come down in the sullen?"

Every eye was turned toward the slowly rising cellar-door from which emerged poor Si, looking rather crest-fallen but evidently determined to brave it out.

"I was blew there."

"Humph!" said Becky; "should think you was. When the wind riz you was a standin' right behind me, 'n' instid o' you a doin' your duty you shirked, and I landed on the floor." What else she might have said was drowned in the shout which greeted her words.

"Was anything hurt over home?" asked Dency of her father.

"Nothin', only the ruf of the new barn's gone a ridin' in my sulky. Blamed ef 't ain't the curusest thing ever I seed. That thar ruf went a skootin' off over the orchard and the sulky arter it, 'n' the house wa'n't teched. Then the harricane lighted down here and scooped this little shanty in, and then it went kitin' off over the grove. It acted fur all the world like a rubber ball; hit the top o' our barn, bounded up, lit here; then hopped over the grove, and so it goes hippety-hoppin' along over the kentry, knockin' things endwise wherever it lights. Wonder what it's done with the logs from this house?"

"I kin tell you," said Caleb Green, who had been out reconnoitering.

"It's stuck 'em in that sand back over there. Druv 'em in half way up, as if with a spile. 'Twon't be sich an awful job to git 'em out, 'n' after harvest we'll have a bee and put the little house together agin."

This plan met with universal favor, and we will add here that it was duly carried out.

But now the preparations for supper must be made. The stove, which had been overturned, was again placed upon its feet a little distance from the house; a fire was kindled and the potatoes were soon bubbling, and the ham "sizzling" and frying, while the tables were arranged by "the boys," and "the girls" tripped up and down the cellar stairs with the abundance of good things provided by Dency for the feast.

"Dency," said Sam drawing her to one side, "there's

a moon to-night; don't you believe we could hang up a couple o' lanterns and have the dance arter all?"

"Capital! We'll do it. It'll be ever so much nicer dancin' out doors than in the house, 'n' the floor hain't racked a mite."

And it was soon made known to the company that the original programme for a dance would be carried out.

"Your daughter has a good deal of pluck," said the minister to Mrs. Merrill.

But that good lady seemed to feel that pluck needed an apology.

"Yes, Dency means well," she replied, "but she hain't of a nervous temperature. Nothin' pleases her, or makes her lose her equillery-bim; but as fur me I'm so easily upshot, the slightest thing flounces my nerves," and she sighed complacently.

The moon came up as the sun went down; the lanterns were lighted and raised aloft on standards made of saplings; the fiddler seated on a chair placed on top of the stove left the whole floor cleared for the dancers. The preacher and the elderly people went home, but all night long the scraping of the fiddle and the stentorian "calls" of the fiddler blended with the sound of tripping feet. And all night long the twinkling stars laughed and winked at the hearty, whole-souled dancing, as Caleb Green whirled Becky Smith around in obedience to "Swing your pardners," or the whole company became woefully confused in the "Grand right and left." And when the sun arose next morning he was greeted with the sound of "Fisher's Hornpipe" and a rather hoarse voice shouting "All hands 'round!"

"Hain't you a little tired, Mis' Wheeler?" asked Caleb. "See, it's sun-up."

Dency blushed at the sound of her new name, as she replied:

"So it is, and there's pa blowin' the horn fur breakfast. But I didn't git cheated out o' my weddin', did I?"

"Nor I out o' my trust in you," whispered Sam softly in her ear.

"Wal, I really didn't think you was such a goose," replied Dency saucily.



THE SUMMER MOON.

Ah, cloudless moon, forever hang
High in the starry sky!
Forever let thy mellow light
Our longing eyes desery!

Forever clothe the slender twig,
The flow'ret bathed in dew,
The stately tree, the clinging vine,
With beauty ever new!

Forever on the silvered sea,
And on the shining sand,
Pour the full radiance of thy glance
And make it fairyland!

Forever on the hill-sides rest,
And on the rocky strand:
Forever touch the frowning cliffs
With thy magician's hand.

And from their wooded depths evoke
A phantom, warlike host,
A shadowy band of sentinels—
Grim watchers of the coast!

Ah, cloudless moon, forever watch
O'er silent, slumberous night!
Forever o'er the broad earth spread
The glamour of thy light!

MARY A. SAWYER.



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," etc.

CHAPTER XLIV.
FACING THE ORDEAL.

WHEN Hilda reached her room it seemed as if the world had taken on a new aspect. Every nerve tingled with indignation. Fear had been swallowed up in anger. There was a tinge of shame, too, in her thought as she remembered how she had fled at the first hint of danger. She wondered what her father would have said had he witnessed her flight. Then the memory of her dream came back and she saw him again with the light of the moon upon his face as he held the sloop upon her course and went calmly on to meet his cruel fate. As the shadows gathered above the city and she heard the bells ring out the invitation to evening worship she seemed also to see the face of that strange Mr. Brown, which was so fixed in her memory that she could never forget it. Very sad and very stern it seemed, as if it looked in pitying scorn upon her weakness. Then she thought of all who were behind her in the struggle—true-hearted Harrison Kortright and his wife; Martin, whom she could ever command, though she must never love him any more; Jared Clarkson, whom even her father trusted; Gilbert Amory, who would even have taken life in her defense; the prudent and devoted teacher; and Jason, who had come, no doubt, to warn her of her danger. Oh! she had a host of friends, and it was weak and silly of her to flee from them. The tears flowed fast as she thought of them, and she wondered that she could ever have been so distrustful. The world, which, in the morning had seemed so barren of all friendship or truth, now seemed overflowing with sympathy and devotion.

Then the thought of her duty came. Duty to whom? First of all, to her father and his memory. She had pledged herself, even in the first gush of her agony, to do honor to his name. How should she do it? By displaying the same spirit. None should ever say her acts belied her parentage. She paced back and forth across her room in the deepening gloom, her hands clasped tightly and her veins throbbing with defiant exultation. The future seemed to open before her a vista of light as she thought. If indeed it should—a shiver of dread passed through her frame at the thought—if it should be that she were not *his* daughter—if she were, in fact, the daughter of George Eighmie and of the poor weak creature who aimlessly wandered about the corridors of Sturmhold—why then, indeed, a still grander duty lay before her. In that case she owed even more to that man who had given her his name, his filial

love—aye, even his life. Then, too, she would owe a broader duty to that people whose misfortune had put its taint upon her life—whose primeval curse had blighted her love. The sacrificial spirit took hold upon her. Perhaps, she thought, it might be her destiny to become one of the great examples which should help to alleviate the thralldom of a race and lift a shadow from a nation's life. Whatever might be the truth in regard to herself her duty pointed still in one direction. She must return and face her destiny. Bond or free, rich or poor, it should not be said that the daughter of Merwyn Hargrove, or the daughter of that friend for whom he rendered up his life, failed to do honor to his memory.

But what was the first thing to be done? How should she begin to act the worthy part for which she had been cast? She wished that she might fly back to her room in the seminary. She wondered if it were empty, or had another occupant already. Then she began to think how she might return and reach it unperceived. She knew not why, but somehow it seemed as if she must begin her new life in the very place where the old one ended. Where the old one ended? Had it ended? She smiled as she thought how she had buried the Hilda of two days before. Even Martin—dearly remembered as he must ever be—she had given him up. She had no hope that the doubt would ever be cleared away. In fact, she half expected that it would be confirmed. She could hardly help believing that her life had been grafted upon that little life which had exhaled almost as soon as it was begun. She had vague memories of a tropical home—was it memory, or was it the weird necromancy of that loved story-teller who had painted for her so many pictures of the lands his eyes had seen? She could not tell. She only knew that the sweet, unruffled life she had led had given way to one full of woe and suffering perhaps, but one that she did not shrink from facing. The ordeal was prepared. The smoking plowshares lay along her path. The judges were in waiting. Yes, her old life was ended—cut sharply in twain, but she longed to graft a new one upon it. She would join and unite them so that the point of severance should hardly be perceptible to other eyes. The luxury, the ease, the freedom she had enjoyed, what were they but a preparation for the duty that lay before? She must go back to her old haunts and begin anew.

But how? Again and again the question recurred. She wished she had the gray-headed man she had met at dinner to advise her. Then she remembered

having heard her father say that advice was a good thing when one already knew what he meant to do. She thought what he would do were he in her place—the dear wise father, who had always left her to decide for herself. Surely he had not done this without a purpose. He meant that she should decide, and not only decide, but act on her own judgment in the future, as he had encouraged her to do in the past. Ah, it was cruel! The lady at the table had only half stated the rapacity of her pursuers. Not only had they not waited for her to take off her mourning, but they had not even allowed her time to put it on. The tears flowed at the memory of her affliction. She reproached herself that even the sorest trouble had caused her to neglect to testify her grief to the whole world. Henceforth her garb should bear witness to her sorrow. She would wear only weeds all her life long. Sackcloth should enswathe her form even as woe must overshadow her life.

All at once she forgot her despondency. She was young, and her buoyant nature laughed at trammels. Her tears were none the less bitter because they were so easily wiped away. She sprang to her feet, laughing, softly and quietly. Then she made haste to light the gas; searched in her bag and brought out some black stuff; combed her hair smoother still upon her brow; plaited the dark stuff along her cheek, which had grown pale with the woe of the last two days; smiled contentedly, and then sat down at the table to examine the contents of her purse. She found that they were ample for all her present needs. Miss Hunniwell, more prudent than herself, had foreseen her need, and had transformed the larger portion of the deposit her father had made in her behalf into ready money, in anticipation of the need of a prolonged concealment. It was strange what a change had come over her. Calmly, even smilingly, she prepared for her couch. She slumbered peacefully, and on the morrow was astir early among the city shops, cheapening, buying and directing, as if danger and sorrow were unknown to her. Nevertheless, her cheeks were strangely pale, and her demeanor quiet and subdued.

A few days afterward a lady in widow's weeds got off the train at Bloomingdale. She was fair and young—that much might be seen through her heavy veil. She asked to be driven to the seminary, and handed the hackman her check, for which he received a trunk unusually large and new. Her name was marked in large letters upon each end. There was an unusual crowd at the station, but no one paid any particular attention to the new arrival. The people were so excited over the affair at Beechwood that they had no time to notice any one not specially connected with that tragedy. The lady was alone in the hack, and on the way to the seminary the driver told her all about the matter—all that was known, at least, as well as some guesses of his own at the unknown. The stranger seemed much shocked, and at one time appeared almost inclined to retract her order and go to the hotel. The driver, in his rough way, was very sorry for his fare—she was so young and tender, and yet wearing widow's weeds. She seemed entirely broken down with sorrow, and never raised her veil nor spoke above a subdued monotone during the trip. He made some cautious inquiries in regard to her affliction, but an involuntary sob and the sudden thrusting of a white handkerchief under the gold-bowed glasses which she wore told the good-natured fellow that his inquisitiveness was very painful. So he desisted, and gave his attention to his

team. Arrived at the seminary, she sent her card to the principal, and waited in the reception-room until she came. Many of the pupils, who were busy with preparations for departure, glanced in at the door half curiously. She did not look at them, nor once lift her veil. Miss Hunniwell came with a look of mild surprise upon her face and the card of the new-comer in her hand. As soon as she had entered the room the strange lady rose and closed the door. Then turning to the teacher, she raised her veil. The teacher regarded her with a puzzled look, as if seeking to bring back to her memory some half-forgotten face. Then she shook her head almost imperceptibly.

"Don't you know me?" asked the stranger.

The teacher started, came closer, and peered anxiously into the pale face framed in the dull black of the widow's weeds. The stranger took off her glasses. Miss Hunniwell started, and would have screamed, but a plump white hand was clasped firmly over her mouth. Then there were tears and embraces and anxious inquiries, as when friends long parted meet again. The door was opened after a time, and Miss Hunniwell and her guest passed along the hall together. The stranger's veil was down, but the teacher's agitation was clearly perceptible. She took the stranger to her own room, where she soon left her to attend to her own duties. It was a matter of great surprise when she directed the lady's trunk to be taken to Hilda's room; but she explained that it was an old pupil who once occupied that room, and had now come back to seek seclusion in her deep affliction. She had explained to her, she said, the unfortunate associations of the room, but she did not seem to mind them at all. No other room would seem at all homelike to her, and she especially desired that she might be allowed to have that. So the strange widow lady was soon duly installed in the room Hilda had chosen when she came, hardly more than a child, to select the place in which she would pass the years of her school-life.

After a time the teacher brought Jason to the room. The lady had put aside her widow's veil and removed the glasses she had worn. Her hair was brushed smoothly down upon her forehead, and only a faint line of white about the throat relieved the sombre depths of the mourning which she wore. She advanced and offered her hand to Jason. Her lip quivered and her eyes filled with tears as she did so.

The faithful servant gazed at her a moment in astonishment. Then he suddenly seized her by the arms, peered keenly into her face, and exclaimed:

"If it ain't Miss Hilda! Bless God, our little Miss Hilda!"

Before she could prevent him he had seized her in his arms, and was tossing her up and down as if she had been a child, the tears rolling down his face and his lips uttering half-incoherent bursts of gratitude.

"There, there, Jason," said she, gently releasing herself at length. "I am very glad to see you again, but you must not try to toss me about in that fashion. I am not so small as I once was."

She gave him her hand as she spoke, which, with the characteristic freedom of the old servant of the plantation, he kissed and fondled, while his eyes seemed to devour her features.

"Ah, Miss Hilda," he exclaimed, "I thought I wouldn't never git a sight of you no more. You jes' run off, nobody knows how nor whar, an' leave Jason here without a word—jes' bound to wait till you comes back in your own way, whenever you gits ready, for all the world like your pa. I declare, child, you're his own gal,

sure. Here 's Marse Eighmie comes a-tearin' round att'er ye, an' all at once, jes' when he thinks he 's got yer safe, whar is yer? Then, att'er a little, when everybody thinks yers done gone an' hid, jes' as ef yer 'd been a sure enuff nigger, as all on 'em tries ter make out, why, here you is!"

Despite the fact of Hilda's evident sorrow, and that he had not seen her since her father's tragic death, he could not repress his joy. But his mood changed instantly, as he saw her lip tremulous with grief at this allusion.

"There, there, honey," he said soothingly; "don't you go to feeling bad now. You know there ain't nothin' that would make Marse Merwyn gladder 'n jes' ter know what his little gal 's done—come right back here into the jaws of the lion that 's a-huntin' att'er her, as you has, chile. Bless yer dear heart, you 's yer pa all over again, that yer is, an' Jason knows it. That was always the way with him, you know—here one minute an' there the next, axin' nobody's advice, an' tellin' nobody what he was gwine ter do till it was all over an' done. There, there, dear, don't take on so—please don't, honey," said Jason, as she snatched away her hand, and, sinking on a chair, sobbed aloud with a sorrow she had before had no opportunity to indulge.

After a time she checked her grief, and said with a choking voice:

"Have you no message for me, Jason, from—from my father?"

"There, now, what an old stupid he is!" exclaimed Jason reproachfully. "Here I've been a gwine on about nuffin', an' this dear chile jes' a hungerin' for dem las' words her pa sent her. 'Clar it does seem as if Jason was gittin' to be a straight-out fool an' no mistake."

The faithful servitor had opened his vest as he spoke, and from an inside pocket now drew forth a letter which he handed to Hilda with an air of reverence that could not have been greater had she been a queen and he an humble liegeman kneeling at her feet.

"There, Miss Hilda, that 's what I ought to have given you before, only I was that glad I done forgot all about it. Marse Cap'n give me that jes' the las' minute 'fore he made me come away. De Lo'd knows, Miss Hilda, I didn't want to do it nohow, an' I wouldn't if he hadn't jes' forced me to. There warn't no sort of use on 't—none in the world. If he 'd jes' have let me take a crack or two at that crowd in dead earnest instead of firin' all round 'em as we 'd been a doin', there 'd a been plenty of time to have got him aboard an' off before they 'd have rallied up to stop us. But he wouldn't do it, Miss Hilda—he p'intedly wouldn't—but jes' give me this letter an' told me not to let no man or woman catch so much as a glimpse of the least corner of it till I put it in your hands, Miss Hilda. And I hain't. Now, there 'tis, an' Jason 's filled his last orders. There ain't nothin' more for him to do now—nothin' more."

"Thank you, Jason," said Hilda, as she took the letter and glanced at the superscription. "You are a good, faithful fellow," she added, as the tears streamed down her cheeks. She pressed the letter passionately to her bosom, as if to still with its touch the beating of her heart. She reached out her other hand and patted the cheek of the faithful servant. He caught it and covered it with kisses.

"You must not say there is nothing more for you to do, Jason. Papa sent you away, no doubt, that you might take care of me. He knew I would need you when he was gone."

"I'll do it, Miss Hilda—anything you want in the

wide world I'll do. If you 'll jes' let Jason serve you like he did Marse Captain, that 's all he wants."

"You shall always do that, Jason."

"Thank ye, Miss Hilda, thank ye; but you must promise not to run off an' leave me no more," said he, half doubtfully.

"Oh, never fear!" said Hilda, as she turned to the window and broke the seal of her father's letter. Hardly had she glanced at its contents when an expression of surprise escaped her lips. She read a little farther, and a cry of pleasure came bubbling from her heart. An instant after she rushed across the room, with the crumpled letter close clasped to her bosom, fell upon her knees beside the bed, and cried, as the tears rolled down her cheeks:

"Thank God! thank God! Poor Papa! Dear Papa! Thank God! Thank God!"

The teacher stole away and left the faithful servant alone with his young mistress, to tell the story of the father's tragic death.

Martin Kortright returned to Sturmholt burning with zeal in his lady-love's behalf. To his parents he told over and over again the story of what had occurred at Beechwood. He laid before them all the plans his ardent brain had devised for discovering whither she had flown. Already he had secured the co-operation of detectives, and he proposed before a week had passed to put her likeness and a full description in the hands of the police of every city in the country. To all this Harrison Kortright imperatively objected.

"If she were a runaway servant or a lost child, that would do. But you must remember, my son, that it is Hilda Hargrove of whom we are speaking. Just read that letter of hers once more, and you will see that the girl who wrote it doesn't need to be hawked around the country like a lost poodle. She means to do something, and wants to be let alone to do it in her own way. Heaven knows she has people enough hunting after her already, and you would only add to her troubles if you began a pursuit. Let her alone, my son. Let her have time to get over her grief and terror, and determine on the course she will pursue. She has sufficient for her present needs, and knows very well that she has only to indicate a want in order to have it gratified."

"But she will think I have no spirit if I sit down and wait for her to clear up this mystery all alone," said Martin. "If I could only let her know what Jason is able to prove, she would come back at once."

"I am not so sure of that," rejoined his father. "She is not running away from the slave-catcher so much as from the fear that she may be something worse than a slave herself."

"Jason's testimony settles that also," interrupted Martin.

"I am afraid Jason's story is hardly conclusive," said the father. "Jared Clarkson knows that I don't put a particle of confidence in the inference he draws from the papers in his possession. I am sure that Hilda is Merwyn Hargrove's child. Not only did he acknowledge her as such, but she resembles him as closely one person can another. She has all his coolness and courage, as well as his quiet candor and undoubting self-reliance. Even he could detect nothing of her mother about her except in appearance. Now, if Clarkson put the same reliance in Jason's story that you do, he would have telegraphed at once to relieve my anxiety. I heard from him twice yesterday, but nothing to indicate that he has changed his impressions in the least."

"But Hilda ought to know what Jason says, and

have the letter he refuses to give to any one else as well as the package Clarkson has for her."

"That is true," said the old man, "but you are not the one to take it to her. If she knew you were on her track, can you not see that she would just rush deeper and deeper into obscurity? It is you and your love that she dreads more than all the slave-hunters in the world. If you should pursue her before this doubt is settled, she would not hesitate to destroy herself in order to escape from you."

"My God!" exclaimed Martin, "what shall I do?"

"Do?" said his father reproachfully. "You are the last one to ask that question. If ever a woman had a right to demand obedience from her lover, that woman is Hilda Hargrove at this time."

"She doesn't expect me to obey and leave her to suffer, does she?" asked Martin impetuously.

"She expects, and she has a right to expect, that you will obey her wishes when they are fair and reasonable ones."

"But hers are not reasonable," said the son, with some show of irritation.

"Let us see," said the father. "She tells you frankly that she would die before she would marry with a doubt upon her birth. You, in your impetuous love, might at first think otherwise, but there could be no surer way of securing the unhappiness of both than by overcoming, if you could, this objection. You are as sure of her love as if you looked into her heart, but you know also that you can never change her determination."

"But I cannot wait in idleness while she is in trouble—perhaps in peril," protested the young man, as he strode back and forth across the room with clinched hands and a brow knotted with agony.

"Wait you must, my son, because she bids you. If there were no other reason at this time, you are bound to regard implicitly her lightest wish. But you do not need to be idle. Your waiting and separation may continue for many a year, but whenever the cloud is lifted, as it will be some time, you may be sure she will keep her word. You should remember that she may need a good deal of money to carry out her plans, and we must be ready to meet her requirements. We are her trustees—you and I. You must continue to do the work I am no longer able to perform."

"There is nothing to do about the estate. It is all in good condition, and almost taking care of itself."

"You speak of her father's estate, my son. It is time you learned that Hilda has even a closer relation to us. One half of all that stands to-day in my name belongs to her."

Harrison Kortright then explained the facts which the reader already knows.

"Does Hilda know this?" asked Martin, drawing a long breath, when his father had concluded.

"I do not know," was the reply, "but I take it for granted that she does. You know her father always had great confidence in her. I doubt if he kept anything from her except that miserable matter of his brother's children."

"You think, then, that she wishes me to stay here and look after her interests as you have done hitherto?"

"It is reasonable to suppose that she would desire to have her matters in such shape as to yield whatever funds she may require, is it not?"

"I suppose so," answered Martin moodily; "but how shall I know her wants, or she know that I am obeying her request?"

"I suppose she will expect that without any informa-

tion, but I see no reason why you should not communicate with her," said the father.

"How?" asked Martin, stopping short in his walk.

"By advertisement," replied his father. "You may be sure that Hilda will see it. She will not miss a line that concerns any one connected with this matter."

So the father and son devised some brief personals which Hilda only would understand, and know that they were messages from home.

CHAPTER XLV.

A MASKED BATTERY.

HILDA's first thought after having secured unsuspected refuge in her old quarters was to find out exactly what had been done, in order that she might determine what she ought to do. She no longer felt any apprehension on her own account. Her father's letter had entirely relieved her mind as to that, but it also devolved upon her the continuance of that task which had cost him his life. The son and daughter of George and Alida Eighmie were not only commended to her care, but she was especially charged to discover, if possible, the former, and to see to it that the latter remained in utter ignorance of her birth and origin, unless circumstances made such a disclosure imperatively necessary. On the next day, therefore, Mr. Clarkson came to the seminary at the request of Miss Hunniwell. After his first surprise at the presence of the young lady whose guardianship had been so unwillingly thrust upon him, he bethought him of the package he was charged to deliver into her hands, and returned to his hotel for it. Having delivered it to Hilda, he seemed at once to be relieved of a great burden. After she had glanced over its contents, he began to tell her what he had done, or rather what he had determined to do. Very fortunately for her, he said, the enemy had made a false move. Instead of trusting to the law, they had gone outside of it, and had tried to assert their rights with a strong hand. This fact he proposed to utilize in effecting a compromise, by which the collateral heirs of George Eighmie should release all claim upon the children of Alida.

"I suppose," said Hilda thoughtfully, "that it will be best for me to remain concealed while you are engaged in this negotiation?"

"Oh, of course," exclaimed Clarkson. "Your absence was the most fortunate thing that could have occurred."

"Have they discovered the strange mistake they made?" she asked.

"Mistake?"

"Yes—in regard to the identity of the daughter of George Eighmie?"

"I do not understand your meaning," said Clarkson, with a puzzled look.

"I mean, do they know who she is?"

"Well," said Clarkson with some embarrassment, "they suspect the truth, of course, but they really know no more than when they came."

"Indeed," said Hilda, "that is very fortunate. Then I should suppose the best thing to do would be to throw them still farther off the scent."

"Of course; but how?" asked Clarkson.

"I might show myself," suggested Hilda.

"Show yourself, my dear," he cried, starting up in alarm. "It would disarrange everything. It would be fatal. Do please remember that the warrant for your arrest is still in the marshal's hands."

"Well, suppose it is, what then?" asked Hilda in surprise.

"You would be seized in an instant if they knew of your presence."

"What if I were?" persisted Hilda. "They can do me no harm."

"Perhaps not," said Clarkson thoughtfully, "but what good can result from it?"

"The legal proceedings would take some time, I suppose?"

"Several days, at least."

"They might be delayed, protracted?"

"Of course."

"How long?"

"For some weeks, probably."

"Well, in the meantime—"

"In the meantime, you would be in jail."

"In jail?"

"Yes; that is, you would be in custody, unless released on a writ of *habeas corpus*."

"Well, it would be all right in the end."

"Probably, but is it not better to relinquish all claim to the estate of Eighmie, and thereby put an end to their pursuit? By that means, too, the facts remain solely in our possession."

"I see. I must guard against that. It was Papa's last wish that I should conceal the facts, if possible, forever."

"If you will allow me," said Clarkson, "I think there has been entirely too much concealment in this matter."

"That may be, but we must still continue it for her sake."

"For her sake? Whom do you mean?"

"Why, the one we have been speaking of all this time—George Eighmie's daughter."

"I was in hope," said Clarkson scornfully, "that when she was once out of danger she would have the moral courage to avow the truth."

"How can she, when she does not know it?" asked Hilda artlessly.

"But she does know it," said Clarkson impatiently.

"Miss—Miss Hilda—I—I must say that I am disappointed in you. I will gladly do all in my power to rescue you from your present peril, because of my promise to your—to Captain Hargrove, I mean—but after that you must understand that I will have nothing to do with any false pretenses."

"But how can I help it?"

"You will be your own mistress."

"Well?"

"You will have an ample fortune."

"Well?"

"Why not stand up and defy this infamous race-prejudice?"

"What would you have me do?"

"Nothing now; but when the danger is over, and you are in the secure possession of what you will receive, I would have you repay the debt of gratitude you owe to Merwyn Hargrove, not by keeping up the miserable sham he urged upon you, but by showing the world his noble conduct in its true significance."

"I do not understand you, sir," said Hilda, shrinking from his vehemence.

"You do not understand?" he said angrily. "Say you will not, rather. I mean that you should be brave enough and strong enough to avow the truth—to say to the world, 'This man was so true and noble that he conquered every prejudice in order to fulfill his pledge. He even took to his heart one cursed with the blood of a despised race—gave her a daughter's place and a daughter's love.' In other words, I would have you avow your own parentage."

"My parentage?" cried Hilda in amazement.

"Yes, I would have you reward the devotion of a poor, crazed mother, and acknowledge with pride the heroism of that brother—" the speaker paused, looked hastily about, and then added in a lower tone—"that brother who has devoted his strength to the service of the race whose degradation has blighted his life."

Hilda shrunk from him as he spoke in undisguised dismay. Then she turned impetuously upon him:

"Why, Mr. Clarkson," she exclaimed, "what do you mean by such language? Do you think my father was a liar? Do you think his solemn declaration to you was a falsehood? Do you impeach his dying message to me?"

"It is because of his declaration that I speak thus!"

Hilda looked as if she doubted his sanity. Finally she opened the packet in her hand, ran over its contents hastily, and said:

"Mr. Clarkson, my father tells me here that he has informed you of all the facts concerning the daughter of Alida."

"So he did, by means of the parcel accompanying that which you hold."

"Will you be good enough to allow me to examine that parcel?"

Clarkson looked at her half-suspiciously; then drew the package from his pocket, and after showing the superscription, handed her the bills it contained. She glanced at them carelessly, and extended her hand for more.

"That is all," said Clarkson.

"All? Was there nothing more, absolutely nothing?"

"Nothing but this wrapper, which had evidently been used to inclose other papers."

He handed her a sheet of paper loosely folded to inclose others. It was indorsed in her father's distinct and positive hand:

Inclosures.

1. Letter from A. E.
2. " " S. M.
3. " " W. K.
4. " " M. H. to W. K.
5. Affidavit of J. U.
6. Statement of acct. of W. K.
7. Letters H. E. to W. K.
8. " M. H. to W. K.
9. Letter of instructions to W. K.
10. " Bills of M. H.

"And nothing more?" asked Hilda, with a perplexed look.

"Nothing more," said Clarkson wonderingly.

Hilda sat down and rested her head upon her hand in thought. She turned the papers over and over, as if seeking to unravel some mystery. In the meantime, Clarkson sat watching her with a curious, pitying look. Once or twice he half started, as if he feared she were about to destroy the papers he had given her. After a time she rose, crossed to where he sat, and handing him the package she had received from him which was addressed to her, she said quietly:

"Will you please read that?"

When he had concluded she gave him the letter she had received by the hand of Jason.

"And that also, if you please."

The effect on Jared Clarkson was astonishing. Incredulity, amazement, joy, and finally mortification, were depicted in turn upon his countenance. After a time he rose, and with a deep blush upon his fine, frank face, extended his hand and said:

"I crave your pardon, Miss Hargrove. I am sorry to have been so poor a counsellor."

Then Hilda broke down and wept passionately. The long struggle was over, and nature would have its way. She had passed the dread ordeal and must fain weep over her deliverance. Clarkson stood by, absently patting her head and smoothing the masses of her hair, to soothe her agitation.

"I very greatly regret having caused you so much pain, my dear," he said in a low, fatherly tone.

She looked up into his face half smiling through her tears, and said:

"It only shows how true a friend my father chose to aid me in the task he left unfinished."

Clarkson stooped and kissed her forehead.

After this there were some grave consultations in the widow's room at the seminary. An eminent lawyer came more than once; Jason was carefully examined, and before another day had passed Sherwood Eighmie and his confederates found a legal network woven about them which portended unexpected difficulties. Actions for conspiracy and libel were brought against them in the name of Hilda Hargrove, based upon affidavits sworn to by her, and requiring very heavy bonds on the part of the defendants. In the meantime the demeanor of Clarkson underwent a change that no one could account for. Instead of depression and gloom his mirth was almost hilarious. There was no longer any display of anxiety, and the compromise which he had set on foot was entirely neglected. The strange widow lady after two days' sojourn found that the associations of her old room were not so soothing as she had expected. Besides that she had received a great many visits for one seeking seclusion, and it was a matter of no wonder to the remaining pupils of the seminary that she had already concluded to seek a more tranquil home. So she was driven to the station and took the train westward. By some strange chance Jason left upon the same train, but he rode in the second-class car and paid no heed to the young widow whose veil fell in decorous folds almost to her feet.

CHAPTER XLVI.

CLAMOR IN THE HOME NEST.

THE news of the attempted abduction at Beechwood awakened the utmost excitement at Skendoah. A thousand things had contributed to produce this result. While Squire Kortright might be termed the tutelary deity of the place, yet there was a sort of traditional belief, very largely due to the significant winks and nods of the old man Shields, that the master of Sturmhold was associated with Kortright in the enterprise out of which the town had grown. Moreover, Merwyn Hargrove had been a sort of lion in the region where he lived. There was something very attractive in the half isolation which he maintained, as well as in the mysterious tales that had from time to time connected his name with both good and bad achievements. But whatever his life had been, the manner of his death would have fixed his place in the esteem of his neighbors beyond all cavil. Coming as it did upon the heels of their own great calamity, and being allied to it still more closely in cause, they gladly looked upon him as a martyr in whose name and fame they had each a sort of proprietary interest. Added to these facts was the farther one that the relation subsisting between Martin and Hilda was very well understood throughout the region, and we shall not find it hard to realize the excitement which the story of Eighmie's attempt and Hilda's flight aroused

in the little village. Martin and Hilda for their own sakes were well-beloved. The villagers had seen them grow up from childhood, sustaining to each other always the most intimate relations. Their mutual affection had been a matter of pleasant jest and kindly gossip long before either of them had suspected its existence. Hilda's beauty and Martin's staunch sincerity had deepened this impression until almost every villager felt as shocked and outraged by the news as if his own heart's dearest treasure had been ravished from his possession. Their sorrow and anger had manifested itself in every conceivable form. Since the return of Martin, the office, which was now wholly under his control, had been thronged almost all the time with sympathizing friends and visitors.

A public meeting had been held, and in speeches and resolutions the people had testified at once their loyalty to principle and also their determination to make the most of their own local celebrities. A band of young men had been organized whose purpose was declared to be the rescue of Hilda should she ever be so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of her persecutors. To say that the story of her origin was disbelieved in Skendoah, but states the truth too mildly. It was scouted at as a transparent fraud by every man, woman and child in Skendoah and vicinity. No one there had any more doubt of her right to inherit as the daughter of Merwyn Hargrove than of the fact that he had named her sole legatee in his will. This universal feeling was intensified still more by the knowledge that Jared Clarkson had become her champion and defender. However poorly they might have esteemed her cause, the fact that he had espoused it would have secured for her their sympathy. When this was added to the other causes mentioned we can well believe the statement of the local press, that "Skendoah was ablaze with excitement." Had volunteers been called for at any hour to go to her rescue the town would have been almost depopulated of its male inhabitants.

It was in the middle of the afternoon—the very busiest hour of the day in the office where Martin Kortright was at work—the office from which his father had so long directed those operations that had linked his name forever with the town's prosperity. The plain black-lettered sign, "Skendoah Mills," that hung over the door had never been changed. Though the son was in charge of the great interests embraced by this proprietorship, it was understood that he was as yet only the right hand of the father. In fact all business papers were still signed "Harrison Kortright," though executed by "Martin Kortright, Attorney."

Despite the hum of labor upon all sides, the young man's thoughts were busy with Hilda. As he gave directions in regard to the purchase of supplies, the sale of stock, the rebuilding of the burned factories, now well under way, and a thousand other details essential to a great enterprise, he wondered where she was, and whether she would approve the course he had decided upon. He had yielded to his father's views chiefly because he could really see nothing else to do, but also very largely from a conviction that Hilda would realize how much harder it was to obey her than to follow his own inclinations and seek to discover whither she had flown. He had an impression, too, that spies were on his track, and that if he should succeed in finding her it would be only to increase her peril. So he worked on with the sad, pale face that had haunted him ever since he heard of her flight coming between him and the paper when he wrote, dimming his eyes and dulling his brain.

To the people of Skendoah this conduct on Martin's

part was the subject of unstinted praise. They would not for a moment admit that he did not know her hiding-place. That notion was to them absurd. They believed that he knew, and kept away in order that she need not be traced through him.

"They won't ever git that gal by follerin' up his tracks," said Shields, pursing up his thin lips and glancing approvingly over the razor-like edge of his nose at Martin through the office window. "Both of 'em are too much like them they're named after to be caught in that way. Here he is pokin' 'round here as innocent and careless as you can imagine, and Hilda nowhere in the world that anybody knows on. Now, mark my words—the first you know that young man 'll take it into his head to travel and drown his grief, and the next thing you 'll hear there 'll be a wedding somewhere over the water, and they 'll snap their fingers at slave-catchers. And Skendoah 'll stand by 'em, too, and furnish them the money to have a good time—furnish it regular every week, and lots of it, too. Bless their hearts, if anybody ever deserved it, it's just them two."

There was a suspicion of moisture about the old man's eyes as he spoke. He had hardly gone a hundred yards from the office when he heard a tumult in the street leading toward the depot. What could it mean? A carriage was coming slowly along the street, beside which walked and ran and shouted an ever-increasing crowd. Hats and handkerchiefs were waving in the air. Men forsook their shops and women their houses to join the cavalcade. Crowds poured out of the factories, and all was clamor and confusion. At length the driver whipped his horses into a quick trot, the crowd was left behind, and the carriage drove up to the office door. Jason sprang from the driver's seat and assisted a lady in deep mourning to alight. As she

touched the ground she threw aside her veil, and showed a bright soft blush upon her cheeks. She ran up the steps, pushed back the door that stood ajar, and saw Martin gazing blankly upon the page before him. His pen was idle, and his thought was not of business. In the room beyond she could hear the clerks busily calling to each other from the books they were posting. The clamor outside came nearer while she paused. The blush grew deeper. She held her breath, and stole on tiptoe up to him. Looking over his shoulder she saw the page before him held but one word, "Hilda." There was a rustle—the perfume of a remembered presence—a pair of soft hands were about his neck, warm lips pressed his own, and a voice whispered:

"I have come, Martin, just as I promised that I would!"

The clamor swelled louder and louder without. Some one had bethought them of the town bell, and its deep, sonorous peal rang joyfully out over the excited town. The water was shut off. The wheels were still. The square in the middle of the town was alive with eager faces. After a time Martin appeared in the office door with Hilda upon his arm. Then the crowd went wild. Cheer after cheer went up. The one piece of ordnance in the town was dragged forth from its dusty hiding-place beneath the stairs of the town hall and mingled its reverberations with the clangor of the bells and the shouts of the people. Harrison Kortright, in the library at Sturmhold, heard its echoes faintly. For almost a week sleep had hardly visited his eyelids. He started up on his couch, listened for a short time to the recurrent shocks, smiled peacefully, and said to the plump matron by the bedside:

"They 've heard from Hilda."

Then he laid his head upon the pillow and slept.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POTTERY IN THE DINING-ROOM.

"There is, perhaps, less good taste displayed in our country in this matter of table services than in any other household adornment."—W. C. PRIME.

Two rooms in the house should be of all the most attractive—the sitting-room and the dining-room. In the one gathers the family circle at the close of day or on Sunday, while twice or thrice each day the other presents one of the prettiest sights upon which the eye can rest, when all meet around the table to partake of the morning or evening meal, and join in converse over the events of the day, in anticipation or review. It is of the latter place I propose to speak in advocacy of gratifying one sense too often neglected, but no less deserving enjoyment than its usually more fortunate rivals.

When every endeavor is made to afford pleasure for the sense of taste by tickling the palate with all kinds of delicacies, and ear and intellect have their share of the feast through conversation, "grave or gay," "lively or sedate," is the eye alone to be starved, and the sense of beauty only not gratified in this enjoyable room?

The food will taste better from table appointments carefully chosen with an eye for the appearance as well as utility of the article, while a little thought given to the harmony and effect of the silver, glass and china in which are served the food upon your table, will well re-

pay in a stimulated appetite and greater satisfaction in partaking of the viands.

In this day of artistic endeavor the table should be a study, and the sideboard no less thoughtfully furnished and arranged than the bric-a-brac cabinet in the drawing-room. All the ornamentation of the dining-room should be in harmony with the purpose for which the place is designed, and this may be easily effected, as the number of appropriate subjects offered by picture dealers and others is unlimited, and, in addition, are found in every store very pretty heads and figures in parian or terra cotta that serve for use on mantels or brackets. It is, however, to the sideboard, china-closet and table I propose to confine my attention in this article, as being the most important section for consideration.

In selecting the china for your table avoid having too great variety of wares or the other extreme of monotony in the assortments. It was in former years the fashion to purchase an entire outfit of one ware, shape and color; but, while this has obvious advantages, and is still the custom with a large proportion, art and good taste have decreed that this monotonous habit shall be broken, and we now rarely sit at a well-appointed table that has not upon its cloth a succession of dishes changing with the courses and varying in style—a sure index

of the taste and culture of the owner. Even where the service is of one uniform decoration, the monotony is now usually relieved by various fancy articles of other wares.

On the other hand, this may be carried too far, and thus lose its advantage. Like the so-called "music of the future" and "descriptive" music, in which the infatuated devotee pretends to read, as in a book, sentiments and facts instead of harmony of sounds, for enjoyment only, so, in some cases, the attempt to place upon china decorations symbolizing the use to which the piece is to be put may be overdone. It is certainly appropriate to decorate the dessert-plates with fruits, and the game course with birds and animals, but the dinner-plate would hardly be attractive if upon its surface were portrayed a slice of roast beef or cut of spring lamb.

There is a point where this propriety of decoration, as we may call it, oversteps the boundary of good taste, and becomes an impropriety to be avoided.

If you desire to follow the prevailing fashion, and array your table with a variety of wares and decorations, it may be effected with an outlay scarcely greater than would be required for a complete service of one decoration throughout. True, in following this plan, it is impossible to avoid duplicating some articles that occur in two or more different courses; but, in compensation for this additional expense, many pieces which form part of a tasteful assortment are of cheaper material, thus equalizing the cost. In the following hints regarding the selection of table pottery, I speak to those who, while not "rolling in wealth," have yet sufficient means to be able to gratify the eye and taste, even at a slightly increased cost.

Should you decide upon purchasing an entire outfit of one ware and decoration, you have ample scope for a selection in the multitude of service offered, and the first point for decision is—what ware will you have, French, English or Chinese? Many arguments may be offered in favor of each.

The English sets are of moderate cost, and this has been almost the sole reason for the great demand that has existed for this class of goods for several years past, as the changing fashions have required that the sets be low-priced or the constant change would become a burden. The ware itself is of inferior grade, and the decoration of a peculiar style, its only purpose seeming to be to hide the surface to which it is applied. The designs, however, are good, and have in a certain sense revolutionized ceramic taste, as applied to table-ware, by creating a demand for well-covered decorations, even on other grades or qualities.

The main attraction in Chinese sets is their oddity and quaint shape, with which the blue-and-white decoration harmonizes beautifully, producing an effect that would speedily become popular but for the expense of the goods.

French porcelain possesses the best intrinsic value. The pure white surface forms a beautiful groundwork, than which bright tints or delicate colors can have no better contrast. A writer has said: "White is a most valuable color where cheerfulness is required, but its use is to set forth and give value to color."

Having chosen the ware, next select the style of decoration, and this being a matter of individual taste, no comment is necessary farther than this: If English ware be chosen, have it well-covered with decoration—the more the better, as you cannot have too much to be in keeping with the prevailing taste in this grade. If, however, you decide in favor of the French porcelain,

quality, not quantity, should be the test. A little decoration of choice quality and exquisite execution is far handsomer than elaborate patterns, although taste has largely changed in this particular, and many a design is now *en règle* that only a short time ago would have been pronounced loud and coarse.

Let me assume, however, that, discarding the fixed assortment of the regulation dinner-set, you have determined to furnish your table with porcelain and glass esthetically selected, and are desirous of producing, by careful choice, a result which shall be unmatched in its complete union of usefulness and beauty. To compass this end, much care and study are necessary, coupled with no little knowledge; but the result will well repay the trouble.

For the first course the selection is restricted exclusively to choice of shape and decoration, as French china is almost the only ware in which you can obtain the articles needed. If you intend serving the soup outside the dining-room, soup-plates only are necessary, and for formal dinners this is the usual plan pursued. In less elaborate entertainments a soup-set, comprised of the soup-tureen and stand or salver and the soup-plates, presents a handsome appearance on the table. Of late years the shapes of soup-tureens and other covered pieces for the table have changed completely, oval and round being entirely superseded by square dishes. The decoration of the soup-set is a matter of individual taste, and needs no farther suggestion.

The fish-sets now made are among the handsomest articles in pottery, and a great variety is offered in all wares and designs. English majolica, Argenta ware and French china are best adapted for the purpose, and as the first course must from necessity be of French porcelain, a pretty contrast is obtained by using English ware for the second. In my estimation the Argenta ware of Wedgwood is preferable to any other material for this course. The decoration must consist of fish, shells or marine plants, or, still better, a combination of the three. A pretty conceit is offered in French sets, having a single fish painted across the centre of each plate, with head and tail extending almost to the extreme rim on either side. The fish-dish has a large fish reaching the entire length. A fish-set should contain the fish-dish or platter, plates for serving, and a sauce-boat for drawn butter. The latter is often omitted.

In the game-set—which is almost identical in assortment with the fish-set, except that the dish is wider and shorter, and instead of the sauce-boat is a little-handled compotier for jelly—you are again compelled to accept French goods or else have your plates of different material from the balance of the set at this course. In fact, it is the French alone who understand the system I am describing, and upon them we are dependent for beauty at the table as well as in almost every place where delicate touches of ornamentation are required. In English china some exquisite game-plates are made by Brownfield on an octagon-shaped plate, richly gilded, each having in its centre the head of such bird or animal as would properly appear at this course.

Next in order is the roast or *entrée*. Either of these courses requires a small dinner-set, being in fact the dinner itself, to which all preceding courses are introductory and all subsequent ones supplementary. A Chinese set of blue-and-white is, esthetically speaking, the proper thing in this course, and this is almost the only place in which Chinese ware can be used to advantage. Its expense is for most sets more than other wares, but not so exorbitant as formerly. English printed ware of the better grades, such as Copeland or

Minton make, is also effective for use at this stage of the meal.

Salad-sets may be of majolica or porcelain. If of the former, a pretty salad-dish is tall in shape, with panels at the side, in which are raised representations of lobsters, vegetables, etc.—everything, in fact, from which salad can be prepared. Do not, however, purchase the plates that usually accompany this dish, as the raised surface is awkward for use, and should never be selected except for fruit or some such service.

The ice-cream and berry-set is prettier in glass than any other material, not only for its own beauty, but to serve as a foil to the charms of porcelain and earthenware, of which by this time the eye has wearied. Craqueled, amber, iced and cut-glass are offered for your selection, and in choosing you cannot go far astray, as either of the styles named will make a handsome display on the table. The first two are rather old, and, if expense is no object with you, by all means select the heavily-cut glass. If possible, let it be of English make, this being better in color and workmanship than the domestic article.

Nothing now remains for consideration in the regular table course but fruit or dessert-plates, after-dinner coffees and finger-bowls.

Of the first there seems to be no end. Every grade of ware or style of decoration, from every country where pottery is made, has representatives. Please your own taste in the selection, but they must or should be of the same ware and general character of treatment as the after-dinner coffees, with which they really belong as part of a course service. A popular custom, and one that produces a very pretty effect if properly chosen, is to have this course furnished with a variety of designs, all, however, being upon ware of the same make, and the decorations such as harmonize with each other. Do not overlook the necessity of following this latter suggestion, or the entire effect may be spoiled by a collection of designs all beautiful in themselves but unsuitable for simultaneous use.

The assortment of after-dinner coffees is even greater than of fruit-plates, and it would be useless to attempt to guide your choice.

In finger-bowls select colored glass in preference to plain, or even cut crystal, this being not only newer and more fashionable at present, but more delicate in appearance, as the colored glass prevents the water showing at the sides. They should be of assorted colors, and each one have its own plate of glass to match resting on a napkin of crimson or other color, which, in its turn, rests upon a dessert-plate. The glassware upon

the table should be all of the same style, and must be either the thin blown glass or the heavy cut—the latter is preferable, but much higher in price than the thin article.

These pieces form the necessary assortment for the several courses; yet, while they include all that is really necessary, as your design is to produce an effect really artistic and worthy to be a model, every little detail must be carefully studied. The little things upon the table—outside of and belonging to no course—are like conjunctions and prepositions in language, connecting or adding to the various services; and in these seemingly insignificant details lies the beauty or ugliness of the entire collection. Briefly summed up, these little things are: Individual butter-plates of majolica or porcelain, prettily decorated but different from any other set upon the table; individual or table salts (both are much used), generally of cut glass; sugar-bowl and cream-pitcher, both of Wedgewood's exquisite jasperware, but differing in color, having one black if possible; syrup-pitcher, if used, may be of the same ware. For berries or fruit a little sugar-bowl and cream-pitcher of folded green leaves are daintily attractive.

But need I continue? In this outline I only design giving the framework or skeleton upon which each must hang the garments as taste may dictate. My plea is for more care and thought toward the gratification of the eye when furnishing the table than is usually considered necessary. The dining-room should be cheerful and attractive. The meal should be partaken of with that entire pleasure that can only come from a complete gratification of all the senses. Try if the charms of a well-appointed breakfast-table will not induce the head of the household to lay aside his morning newspaper and join in cheery conversation, and this room thus become for all, residents and visitors alike, what, as I said at the beginning, it should be—the most attractive in the house.

It has been suggested to me that a fitting topic with which to conclude this subject would be "Pottery in the Ash Barrel;" but there are certain emotions or sentiments of the human breast too sacred for idle comment, too tender for rough handling, and this is one. The woman who is

"Mistress of herself though china fall,"

is in possession of a degree of self-control worthy of monumental recognition. The mere mention of the subject brings to the memory of each a flood of painful recollections of departed treasures, over which we shed a parting tear and consign them to oblivion's kindly keeping.

FRANK P. ABBOT.

CASTLE-BUILDING.

"What are you building, darling?"
I asked of my girlie fair,
As she quietly sat on the hearth-rug,
Piling her blocks with care,
While the ruddy glow of the firelight
Danced in her golden hair.
"I am building a castle, mother,"
My little maid replied.
"These are the walls around it,

And here is a gateway wide,
And this is the winding stair
To climb up by the side."

So the busy, fitting fingers
Went on with her pretty play,
And the castle walls were rising
In the fading winter day,
When—a sudden, luckless motion,
And all in ruins lay!

Ah, merry little builder,
The years with stealthy feet
May bring full many a vision
Of castles rare and sweet,
That end like your baby pastime—
In ruin sad and fleet.

Yes, laugh o'er the toy walls fallen,
For sunshine follows rain,
And we may smile, looking backward
At ruined shrine and fane.
While the heart has shattered temples,
It may not build again.

LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.

LEX TALIONIS IN THE NURSERY.

IN these days when insignificant causes are credited with large results, and trivial influences are recognized as potent factors in development, it may not be amiss to scan with critical eyes even our most familiar nursery ways, lest traits not altogether charming may be unconsciously fostered by them.

This occurred to me the other day with the freshness of a new idea when I saw a fair and gentle young mother, quite an ideal Madonna, instigate her baby to retaliation when he thumped his head against a chair. "Naughty chair to hurt the baby!" cried mamma, eager to divert the little fellow and check his tears. "Baby pound the chair." Whereupon, with a vindictive wrinkle across his little nose, he pounded and was comforted. His mother, glad of restored cheerfulness, smiled on the performance.

It seems usually to be assumed in the nursery that all a baby's mishaps are malicious and unprovoked attacks upon him. No venerable piece of furniture is supposed to be too sedate to assault the youngster in his lurching rambles around the room, and when the crash comes it is always this unprincipled assailant—never the baby—who is to blame, and nurses smile to see the baby forget to cry in his vigorous retaliation.

It would be interesting, if it were possible, to know how much of the inconsiderate treatment of others and the lack of appreciation of the consequences to another of our own acts, which we see in later life, is due to, or at least encouraged by, these nursery tactics. It is such a strong impulse of human nature to impute blame to another and shirk it one's self that a few years of irresponsibility and revenge in the nursery must give this impulse a chance to become a habit and strike deep root in some congenial soils.

The small boy who bullies the nursery furniture, and considers somebody else responsible for every infantile bump, will bully his playmates by and by, and accuse every one but himself when things go wrong; and the little fist that was so quick to pound an offending chair will illy bear restraint when a comrade offends.

This applies more especially to those autocrats of the nursery, only-children, or children so much younger than their brothers and sisters that they miss the wholesome friction and restraint of conflicting, and occasionally dominating, interests. But in every family where children are under the care and influence of nurses there is occasion for discretion in this matter.

The mother of one imperious little fellow early recognized his tendency to self-assertion and resentment under supposed injury. As she had especial reason to dread the development of these traits in him, she sought, while he was a mere baby, to modify them. Whenever the baby's

head and the door-knob came in collision they were mutually consoled with, while baby was made to feel that he was the trespasser. A severe bout with the rocking-chair was compromised to the satisfaction of all parties by the application of brown paper to the forehead of the baby and the rocker of the chair. It was found that the supposed injuries of his fellow sufferer diverted his attention from his own, serving that purpose as well as the retaliatory method, while teaching him self-forgetfulness and sympathy.

It did not seem wholly laughable to that mother when, at three years of age, she saw him, supposing himself to be alone, turn and apologetically kiss the door-step upon which he had inconsiderately slipped and bumped.

This child was one who instinctively thought every injury intentional, and whose native impulse was a revengeful blow or kick. A temperament sensitive to affront, misconstruing the slightest act into an insult, quick in resentment and slow in forgiveness, inevitably brings keen pain to all lives closely associated with it, and any modification of these traits during childhood is a far-reaching blessing. This mother felt that, although her imperious and hot-tempered little man might grow into an imperious and hot-tempered big man, he would never be so inconsiderate of others as he might have been had he not kissed that door-step.

Thoughtfulness for others and a sense of mutual responsibility certainly can be taught very young children; and one of the many ways to teach it—one of the little ways which it is not safe to ignore or disrespect—is not to let even the baby suppose that anybody or anything wantonly injures him; to teach him that accidents are purely accidents, for which he is likely to be as much to blame as any one else—often the most so—and that if he is hurt, he must not forget that the other party may be hurt, too, and needing sympathy as much as he. It is a frequent thing to see large children angrily resenting the most evident accidents, and sullenly reiterating "he meant to," "he meant to hurt me—see if I don't pay him for it," etc., etc. Defective nursery training must share with natural depravity the responsibility for some of these unlovely manifestations. Magnanimity may be a virtue of slow growth, but the seed should be planted all the earlier and tended the more carefully for that reason.

Since the small things of life sum up its happiness, and the every-day mental attitude and mood of a friend affects our comfort more than spasmodic exhibitions of the greatest nobility or heroism, no ungracious tendency is too insignificant or possible grace too elusive for thoughtful treatment in the development of a child.

MARY H. BURTON.





It is always salutary, if not always agreeable, to see ourselves through the spectacles of other people, and Mr. Edward Freeman, whose recent visit to this country introduced him to hosts of Americans, reads us some lectures that contain a great deal of thoughtful comment on our political and social conditions. No foreigner, unless it be De Tocqueville—certainly no Englishman—has ever stated so intelligently, comprehensively and briefly the great underlying principles of our political system. This is very remarkable in view of the conflicting impressions which a stranger must of necessity imbibe through conversation with individuals belonging to the great opposing factions in American politics.

In one of his most suggestive chapters Mr. Freeman says: "I often asked my American friends of both political parties what was the difference between them. I told them that I could see none; both sides seemed to me to say exactly the same things. I sometimes got the convenient, but not wholly satisfactory, answer: Yes; but then we mean what we say, while the other party only pretends. Certainly, when I was there, the difference between different sections of the Republican party was much clearer to an outsider than the difference between Republicans and Democrats. I found it easier to grasp the difference between a Stalwart Republican and a Republican who was not a Stalwart than to grasp the immediate difference between a Republican and a Democrat. . . . There are abiding differences between them, differences which have been important in the past, which may be important in the future; but just now questions which would bring out those differences are not uppermost. . . . It is simply because there is no such burning question at present stirring that the two parties seem largely to say the same things, and yet to be as strongly divided as ever. I may speak on this matter as one who has made the nature of federal government an object of special study. It strikes me that, as the doctrine of State Rights was pushed to a mischievous extreme twenty years and more ago, so there is danger now of the opposite doctrine being pushed to a mischievous extreme. The more I look at the American Union the more convinced I am that so vast a region, taking in lands whose condition differs so widely in everything, can be kept together only by a federal system, leaving large independent powers in the hands of the several States. No single parliament could legislate, no single government could administer, for Maine, Florida and California. Let those states be left to a great extent independent and they may remain united on those points on which it is well that they should remain united. To insist on too close a union is the very way to lead to separation. I know of no immediate reason to fear any attempt at centralization, such as might thus lead to separation. But it does seem to be a possible danger; it seems to me that there are tendencies at work which are more likely to lead to that form of error than to its opposite. In discussing this matter I must cleave to some doctrines which I know are in some quarters looked on as obsolete. I must even cleave to the phrase 'Sovereign States,' though I know it may offend many. For a state is sovereign which has any powers which it holds by inherent right, without control on the

part of any other power, without responsibility to any other power. Now every American state has powers of this kind. The original thirteen states did not receive their existing powers from the Union; they surrendered to the Union certain powers which were naturally their own, and kept certain others to themselves. And the later states were admitted on the same terms and to the same rights as the original thirteen. There is therefore a range within which the state is sovereign: within another range, within the range of the powers which have been surrendered to the Union, the Union is sovereign."

Elsewhere it is curious to find Mr. Freeman speaking of certain small American towns, notably Bristol, Penna., and Farmington, Conn., as having "a thoroughly Old World look." In Farmington, however, he seems to have been somewhat shocked at finding the oldest house in town occupied by "Ould Ireland Papishes" instead of by the New England Puritans, whom he had hoped to see.

SOME months ago it was announced that a French archaeologist, M. Le Plongeon by name, had made surprising discoveries in the peninsula of Yucatan. The expedition was undertaken, we believe, at the instance of the French Government, or at least with its assistance, and researches prosecuted for several years have brought to light records which lend additional strength to the claims of America to an antiquity far greater than that of which the so-called "Old" World can boast. Many of the finest ruins are still inaccessible, being within the territory of hostile Indians, whose poisoned arrows and warlike characteristics render scientific invasion impracticable without armed protection. In one of the cities, Ake by name, whose temples were in use at the time of the Spanish Conquest, are "katuns," or time-columns, each marking a period of one hundred and sixty years. Of these there are thirty-six in one of the buildings, marking the lapse of nearly six thousand years. As these columns were connected with religious ceremonies, it is not likely that any irregularities interrupted the regular placing of the stones. Another certificate of antiquity is found in the occurrence of the head of the mastodon as a religious symbol or object of worship. Now, geologists tell us, on what they regard as indisputable evidence, that the animal was extinct as much as ten thousand years ago, and the inference is certainly fair that the builders of these temples could have known of its existence only through direct tradition. At all events, it is difficult to understand how they could otherwise have produced its image. There is, moreover, an identity almost absolute between the manners and customs indicated by these early Yucatanese records and those of Chaldea, Persia, Burnah and Siam, and the Masonic fraternity will, it is said, be enabled to add a few thousand years to their record in consequence of Dr. Plongeon's discoveries. When Commander Gorrington found alleged Masonic symbols under the obelisk, Freemasons complacently reminded us that they had always said so, and we may assume that they will not "let on" that they are in the least surprised at this additional proof of their respectable antiquity. Far be it from us to cast ridicule upon an eminently honorable fraternity; but if

this kind of thing is to go on, would it not be well to claim the fig-leaf of Scripture as the original symbolic apron of Masonry?

THE sketch entitled "Miss Hildreth," in No. 64 of THE CONTINENT, was written by Mary N. Prescott, and not by her sister, Harriet Prescott Spofford. These two well-known authors will please note the editor's apology for the not altogether unnatural mistake.

THE many thousands who in later years learned to identify the "Arthur" of "Tom Brown at Rugby" with Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, will welcome the little volume¹ in which the personal recollections of his life-long friend, Dean Bradley, are embodied. It is no formal memoir. The book took its origin in two lectures delivered before the Philosophical Society of Edinburgh, to which he added a third given at Fettes College, the three forming three chapters in what is, while waiting for a more formal biography, the best picture of the man yet given.

While disclaiming the idea that this is in any sense biography, Dean Bradley writes:

"Yet I venture to hope that the publication even of the short summary of his life and work which is comprised in these three chapters may be not unwelcome to some, at least, among the many who, beyond the limits of those to whom they were directly addressed, had yet felt the spell of his character, or had been attracted or instructed by his writings."

There is no attempt at criticism or analysis of work accomplished. Dr. Bradley divides Stanley's life into seven distinct stages, and the division makes itself naturally.

"They are, first, his childhood at Alderley; next, his boyhood at Rugby, where he grew up under the influence of his great teacher, Dr. Arnold. Then follows his brilliant career as a scholar at Balliol. Then, fourthly, the many important years that he passed as a resident member of the University of Oxford and as an active and influential tutor, no longer of Balliol, but of University College. After this come the seven quiet years of his canonry at Canterbury; then his work as Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, and, finally, the closing and culminating stage of all, his life and death as Dean of Westminster."

The picture of his boyhood as well as early childhood is a very beautiful one. His mother united the deepest tenderness with a clear-eyed sagacity seldom found in such connection, and he was singularly fortunate in father as well as mother. A shy and shrinking child, there was little indication, from seven to fourteen, of the brilliant talker he afterward became. His passion was for reading, and though he had moments of longing to join in the pleasures of other boys, and brooded over his isolation, he passed through this stage, and under Arnold's powerful influence aroused once for all. He still suffered from shyness, but became distinguished at once for talent, carrying off in one year the five great school distinctions. The tradition still runs that Dr. Arnold, as he handed him the last of these prizes amid the breathless silence of the forms, said quietly:

"Thank you, Stanley, we have nothing more to give you." "Still," writes Dr. Bradley, "on the other hand, it is not to be supposed that, happy and cheerful as he was at school, he ever became a genuine specimen of what is now ordinarily understood by a 'public school boy.' He ranged freely over the country, not very interesting in itself, round Rugby; but he never acquired any taste for the ordinary games and amusements which now-a-days fill the foreground in the popular conception of young Rugby life. Indeed the taste for such games, far less organized than they are now, was less widely diffused than it has since become, and the distinction between the many who played or idled and the few who worked, greatly effaced since, was in the earlier and rougher period of Arnold's time still strongly marked."

At Oxford he won the Newdigate prize, and after taking his degree became a tutor, a popular one, and wielding more and more influence as time went on. He was the friend of all his pupils.

"We walked with him, sometimes took our meals with him—frugal meals, for he was at the mercy of an unappreciative college 'scout,' who was not above taking advantage of his master's helplessness in arranging for a meal and his indifference to any article of diet other than brown bread and butter; we talked with him over that bread and butter with entire freedom, opened our hearts to him, while his perfect simplicity, no less than his high-bred refinement, made it impossible to dream that any one in his sober senses could presume upon his kindness." Dr. Bradley tells a characteristic story of his first Eastern trip which illustrates this capacity for making and holding friends: "Mohammed, the faithful dragoman, after the last farewell was over, crept down into the cabin, knelt and seized his hand, and then rushed away with an outburst of passionate grief at parting with one whom he would never see again, and whom, in spite of the difference of creed, he revered as a saint."

His zeal in controversy was by no means love of conflict, but arose, as in his father's case, from love of truth and the determination to allow free speech and thought to all. The title of liberal Christian, though bestowed upon him sneeringly, was his dearest possession, and his place in American minds had come to be so large an one that Dean Bradley's just and sympathetic memorial will find as many readers here as on the other side, those who knew him best and longest joining with the casual acquaintance in the verdict pronounced upon him as a man:

"It is impossible for me to describe to you, it is difficult for me to analyze to myself, the feelings which he inspired in a circle, small at first, but with every fresh term widening and extending. The fascination, the charm, the spell, were simply irresistible; the face, the voice, the manner, the ready sympathy, the geniality, the freshness, the warmth, the poetry, the refinement, the humor, the mirthfulness and merriment, the fund of knowledge, the inexhaustible stores of anecdotes and stories, told so vividly, so dramatically—I shall not easily enumerate the gifts which drew us to him with a singular, some of us with quite a passionate, devotion."

THOUGH the field in the eleventh volume of "Campaigns of the Civil War"¹ is more limited than any previously treated, both in the number of troops and the space occupied by their movements, it is one of the most interesting of the series. It is the story of the last year of the war in the Shenandoah Valley, and though the first chapters are necessarily only a record of skirmishes and small battles with no definite result, the interest increases steadily, and as soon as definite policy in Washington is recorded there is very definite action in the Valley. It was from this point that all the operations came, bearing most directly on the North, for the threatening of Baltimore and Washington by General Early brought the terrors of war more really home to us than any more remote campaign had done. Until the sending of Sheridan to take full command the Valley campaign had been at the mercy of many minds, Halleck at the War Department waiting for advice from Grant at City Point, days being lost by these slow methods. With the change, Grant, while retaining full authority, left Sheridan greatly to his own discretion. The record shows absolute trust and loyalty on either side, and Grant's confidence was most triumphantly justified in the short but brilliant campaign, in which the young general sent Early "whirling through Winchester." The story of the famous ride is as exhilarating as the poem we all know, and Mr. Pond has used his material to such advantage that the book cannot fail to be one of the most popular of the series.

(1) RECOLLECTIONS OF DEAN STANLEY. Three lectures by George Granville Bradley, D. D. One vol., 12mo, pp. 142, cloth, \$1.00. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

(1) THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY IN 1864. By George E. Pond, associate editor of *The Army and Navy Journal*. (Campaigns of the Civil War.) 12mo, pp. 287, \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.



THE city of Delft has formally commemorated the tercentenary of Grotius, and a movement has been begun for the erection of a monument.

A NEW society novel, anonymous, but announced to be by "a well-known Bostonian," will be published immediately by Cupples, Upham & Co., successors to A. Williams & Co.

PROFESSOR McMASTER, of Princeton, the brilliant author of the new history of the American people, is to write the life of Benjamin Franklin, in the "American Men of Letters Series."

"THE MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY" has been sold by A. S. Barnes & Co. to the Historical Publication Company, New York, and it will be edited hereafter by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, well known as the author of "The History of the City of New York."

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, who print the only authorized edition of Mrs. Carlyle's letters, lately issued by them in two octavo volumes, have published a new and cheaper edition in one volume, printed from the same plates, and with an etched portrait of Mrs. Carlyle.

MESSRS. EDWARD STERN & CO. will shortly publish an article by Mr. Hyman Pollock Rosenbach on the "Jews in Philadelphia prior to 1800." This will be the first work on this subject ever printed. The edition will be limited to two hundred and fifty large paper copies.

"THE DOMESTIC MONTHLY," which has always had a literary flavor much more decided than that of the average fashion magazine, is to print a new novel by Justin McCarthy with the title of "Maid of Athens," his first literary work since the completion of the popular "History of Our Own Times" a few years ago.

THE first volume of the new series of "Plymouth Pulpit," published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, has just been completed with No. 26 of the series, which will be found to contain not only all the old charm of style but a steady increase in every deeper quality, faith and hope growing stronger with every year of the preacher's life.

THE *Boston Journal* gives a hint to publishers which all readers will trust they will take to heart. "An extra expenditure of two or three cents in strengthening the back of a book makes all the difference between a book which will drop to pieces after a little handling and one which will stand wear. Most people would rather have the money spent in that way than in fantastic decorations for the covers."

MR. GEORGE H. CALVERT is less successful in rhymed stanzas than in blank verse, and thus "Joan of Arc; A Narrative Poem," falls below the standard of "Mirabeau." It appeared a decade and more ago, and may possibly today be less valued by the author than when he first gave it to print. It is smooth verse; the story is told at length, but it is not poetry. (16mo, pp. 108, \$1.00; Lee & Shepard, Boston).

AN exceedingly compact and well-written addition has been made to the "American Health Primers" series, in "Brain-work and Over-work," by Dr. H. C. Wood. He treats the causes of nervous trouble at length, emphasizing the necessity of hygienic knowledge, and then passes to "Work," and its effects; "Rest in Labor," "Rest in

Recreation" and "Rest in Sleep." The little book is entertaining as well as useful, and should be in the hands of every brain-worker. (Paper, pp. 126; 30 cents. P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia).

ANOTHER addition has been made to Mr. William S. Gottsberger's excellent translations from foreign authors in "Marianela," by B. Perez Galdos; translated from the Spanish by Clara Bell. The little story is picturesque and dramatic. There is no tragedy, as in "Gloria," but a catastrophe, pathetic rather than terrible, and a humor which sparkles here and there and lights up the somewhat sombre picture, and the book will well repay reading. (16mo, pp. 264, \$1.00.)

THE first number of the "Leisure Moment Series," "Gideon Fleyce," by H. W. Lucy, has appeared, the novel being also included in the "Leisure Hour Series." Paper and print are excellent, and the low price and convenient form will undoubtedly make the new venture a very popular one. The story is in some points unusually powerful, giving some excellent descriptions of English middle-class life, and an electoral contest, entered into by Gideon Fleyce, who is a renegade Jew, determined to use his wealth in making a place for himself among the Gentiles. There is a murder of a very sensational order, the chapter in which the dead man's appearance and surroundings are described holding a strong suggestion of the memorable one in "The House of Seven Gables," and there are numerous well-managed subordinate characters, Captain O'Brien and Napper Tandy, a heroine much more charming than her name, being the most successful. (Paper, pp. 324; 30 cents. Henry Holt & Co.).

AN octavo volume of over five hundred pages, in which there is not a solitary dull one, is a somewhat astonishing statement to be made of a new life of Cromwell, any lively interest in which might seem to have been exhausted by Carlyle. But Mr. J. Allanson Picton, the author, who considers that there is room for a life written in less complex fashion than that by Carlyle, proves his point, having made a volume in which there is very little analysis of motives, or of Cromwell's political morality, but a story of his acts, from which the reader may draw his own inferences. Mr. Picton is said to be an Independent preacher, and thus is in fuller sympathy with Cromwell's religious views—really the largest part of the man—than a Church of England man could possibly be; but he is impartial, quiet and candid, and has made as trustworthy a study of his subject as it is possible to accomplish. Cromwell's chief benefit to mankind, according to Mr. Picton, lay "in his power to meet a great emergency of revolutionary violence; in the frankness with which he accepted as the practical issue of the time a duel to the death between prerogative and self-government; in his capacity to inspire thousands with his own enthusiasm; in his predominant energy which forced distracted parties to unison of action; in the prophetic fire that kindled into one flame the religious zeal, the patriotic fervor, and the personal devotion of his followers." The make-up of the book is especially neat. (8vo, pp. 516, \$3.50; Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York).

"ON VIOL AND FLUTE" well expresses the dainty and melodious nature of the verse enshrined in a volume in which the printer's art has done all that its possibilities include. From cover to cover, binding, paper, margin and type are all perfect enough to please the most exacting book lover. For the poems there may be more question, though no one will deny to Mr. Gosse many of the best qualities of the younger school of poets; a delicate and graceful fancy—here and there a subtle thought—a sympathy with the moods of nature and real power of interpretation, and a full knowledge of whatever rhythmic power lies in words. Like all of this school he has serious limitations. His outlook seems bounded by the horizon;

he is more in sympathy with the ancient Greek spirit than with the spirit of humanity, and he reproduces the airy manner of the early French *trouvère* poetry, pleasing himself with this revived fashion in rhythm, as in one of the latest poems, "Expectation," and in the "Sestina," one of the best modern examples of this difficult measure. "To My Daughter" is an exquisite poem, and there is strong human quality in the final ballad already widely copied, which appeared first in Cassell's *Magazine of Art*, "The Cruise of the Rover." If Mr. Gosse lacks the power essential in the work of the true poet, a consecration lacking in this lighter verse, he is always musical, delicate and pure, and with such foundation there is room still for the greater poem not yet attained. (12mo, pp. 250, \$2.00; Henry Holt & Co., New York).

MR. BROWNING's star is certainly in the ascendant in America, two prominent publishing houses having within a short interval of each other found it desirable to issue selections from his poems, each prefaced by an essay on his work as a poet. Both volumes are fine specimens of book making, but the present one from Dodd, Mead & Co. has the advantage of a fine portrait of Mr. Browning. Mr. Grant White's essay is necessarily less satisfactory than that of Mr. Stedman, himself a poet and of a quieter temper of mind than the former, who goes out of his way to give an unnecessary fling at Mr. Longfellow and at women in general, who in this country at least are Mr. Browning's most constant readers, defenders and expounders. "He writes for thinking men," Mr. White announces. "'Bishop Blougram's Apology' and even 'Childe Roland' do not interest the average young woman of these much literate times; and the average young woman is now a large constituent part of the audience which the general high-average poet of the day—a Longfellow, for example—has in his mind's eye as he is writing." This seems rather gratuitous, but need not affect the enjoyment sure to be found in the careful selection, which began as Mr. Browning's own choice, and was embodied in two bulky volumes, printed in England. "This collection some half a dozen lovers and students of his poetry read carefully, and made a list each of them, without the knowledge of the other, of the pieces he or she would choose; and those for which there was a union, or nearly a union, of all voices, were selected. A few were then added from his more recently published poems." This collection was again weeded, and the result is "Browning at his best, and nearly all the best of Browning," in which statement every reader is likely to agree, though, as in all collections, one fails occasionally to find what would have been expected to hold prominent place. (12mo, pp. 265, \$2.00).

NEW BOOKS.

JOAN OF ARC: A Narrative Poem in Four Books. By George H. Calvert. 16mo, pp. 108, \$1.00. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

A STORY OF CARNIVAL. By Mary A. M. Hoppus. Leisure Hour Series. 16mo, pp. 304, \$1.00. Henry Holt & Co.

MARIANELA. By B. Perez Galdos. From the Spanish. By Clara Bell. 16mo, pp. 264, \$1.00. William S. Gottsberger, New York.

BRAIN-WORK AND OVER-WORK. By Dr. H. C. Wood. American Health Primers. Paper, pp. 126, 30 cents. P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia.

ON HEADACHES; Their Causes, Nature and Treatment. By William Henry Day, M. D. Fourth Edition, Enlarged and Illustrated. Paper, 8vo, pp. 148, 75 cents. P. Blakiston, Son & Co.

RICHARD WAGNER: And His Poetical Works, from "Rienzi" to "Parsifal." By Judith Gautier. Translated, with the Author's special permission, by L. S. J. With Portrait. 12mo, pp. 173, \$1.00. A. Williams & Co., Boston.

THE MODERN SPHINX. And Some of Her Riddles. By M. J. Savage. 12mo, pp. 160, \$1.25. George H. Ellis, Boston.

BOOKS, AND HOW TO USE THEM. Some Hints to Readers and Students. By J. C. Van Dyke. 12mo, pp. 159, \$1.00. Forda, Howard & Hulbert, New York.



In a recent communication to the Biological Society, M. G. Delaunay observed that medicine, as practiced by animals, is thoroughly empirical; but the same may be said of that practiced by inferior human races, or, in other words, by the majority of the human species. Animals instinctively choose such food as is best suited to them. A large number of animals wash themselves and bathe, as elephants, stags, birds and ants. Man may well take a lesson in hygiene from the lower animals. Animals rid themselves of parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever restrict their diet, keep quiet, seek darkness and airy places, drink water and sometimes even plunge into it. When a dog has lost its appetite, it eats that species of grass known as dog's-grass, which acts as an emetic and purgative. Cats also eat grass. Sheep and cows, when ill, seek out certain herbs. When dogs are constipated, they eat fatty substances, such as oil and butter, with avidity, until they are purged. The same thing is observed in horses. An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps in the sun as much as possible. The warrior ants have regularly organized ambulances. Latreille cut the antennæ of an ant, and other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted from their mouths. If a chimpanzee be wounded, it stops the bleeding by placing its hand on the wound, or dressing it with leaves and grass. When an animal has a wounded leg or arm hanging on, it completes the amputation by means of its teeth. A dog on being stung in the muzzle by a viper, was observed to plunge its head repeatedly for several days into running water. This animal eventually recovered. A sporting dog was run over by a carriage. During three weeks in winter it remained lying in a brook, where its food was taken to it; the animal recovered. A terrier dog hurt its right eye. It remained lying under a counter, avoiding light and heat, although its custom had been to keep close to the fire. It adopted a general treatment, rest and abstinence from food. The local treatment consisted in licking the upper surface of the paw, which it applied to the wounded eye, again licking the paw when it became dry. Cats also, when hurt, treat themselves by this simple method of continuous irrigation. M. Delaunay cites the case of a cat which remained for some time lying on the bank of a river; also that of another cat which had the singular fortitude to remain for forty-eight hours under a jet of cold water. In view of these interesting facts, we are, he thinks, forced to admit that hygiene and therapeutics, as practiced by animals, may, in the interests of psychology, be studied with advantage. He could, thinks the *British Medical Journal*, go even farther, and say that veterinary medicine, and perhaps human medicine, could gather from them some useful indications, precisely because they are prompted by instincts which are efficacious in the preservation or the restoration of health.

THE report of the Commissioner of the Imperial Japanese Mint, Osaka, being the twelfth report of the Japanese Mint, shows that the high standard of excellence of the work done at this establishment is still kept up. Rather more gold was coined than during the previous year, viz, 803,645 yen, all in five-yen pieces (the yen is almost

equivalent to the United States dollar); the silver coined during this year was all in one-yen pieces, and amounted to 3,294,088 yen; whilst the nominal value of the copper coins, in two-sen, one-sen and half-sen pieces, was 1,130,548 yen. The total nominal value of the coins of all denominations struck since the commencement of the mint to the end of the last financial year is 102,888,478 yen, of which more than one-half is gold and two-fifths silver. Besides this a large number of medals have been struck and refined ingots produced. This year a large number of old bronze guns and field-pieces have been melted down, refined and converted into copper coins, and also additional improvements and economies have been made in the treatment of old Japanese silver coins prior to their recoinage. The sulphuric acid works in connection with the mint have been more busy than last year, and nearly a million pounds of acid have been exported to China in addition to that produced for home consumption. It is curious to note that while the United States has hitherto been content to depend on England or France for all its soda ash, of which it consumes an enormous quantity annually, Japan has already begun to supply its own demands, and from its soda works—now in working order—a considerable out-turn of sulphate, black ash, white ash, and crystalized soda has been made. Caustic and bicarbonate of soda will shortly be produced, and it is proposed to add works for the production of bleaching powder, so as to utilize the whole of the hydrochloric acid formed. There was a considerable increase in the amount of Korean gold-dust received during the year, but it was not generally of a high standard. The curve showing the variation in weight of the silver yen issued, as also the report of the trial of the pyx, and the reports of the assays of the pyx pieces made by Professor Chandler Roberts, of the Mint in England, and by Mr. Lawner, of the American Mint, show that the greatest care and attention are given to every department, both by the foreign employés and by the native officials.

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In a paper read before the American Public Health Association, John T. Nagle, M. D., gives the results of his investigations regarding suicides in New York city during the eleven years ending December 31, 1880. It appears that during that time 1521 deaths were registered in the Health Office as caused by suicide, 1193 being of males, and 328 of females; whites, 1518; colored, 3. It seems, however, that the register refers certain deaths to suicide which would certainly not be included under that head by most registers, since they were evidently accidental and not intentional. The highest yearly rate of suicide in New York city during the past seventy-seven years was in 1805, when there was one suicide to every 8017 inhabitants; and the lowest rate was in 1864, when there was one suicide to 23,827 inhabitants. Taking those races present in sufficiently large numbers to make the comparison of value, we find 636 suicides among the Germans, giving a rate of 34.49 per 100,000, for eleven years. The Irish furnish 213 cases, giving the rate of 9.71 per 100,000, and the United States 368, giving a rate of 5.61. Evidently the American is not so easily discouraged as the others. The most common means used was poison, which is reported in 503 cases. Paris green was the poison most used, being the cause in 200 cases. Hanging was employed in 237 cases; cuts and stabs in 174; gun and pistol-shot wounds in 395, and drowning in 99 cases. Tables are given comparing the rates in New York with those of other cities, both American and foreign, for the year 1880, but for the great majority the numbers are too small to have any statistical value. The smallest proportion of suicides is found in the Scotch cities, taken altogether.

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MR. J. E. TODD, in the *American Naturalist*, gives the following account of the singular habits of the *Psoralea*

Argophylla. During an extended trip in Dakota this plant was a daily companion. So abundant is it that it gives large areas of the prairie a silvery whiteness. In the latter part of August a hot southwest wind blew for several days, which so blocked the roads in places with the loose "tops" or stems of this plant as to considerably retard a team in traveling, reminding one of similar experience with the "tumble-weed" and "tickle-grass" near cultivated fields after a frost. The fashion followed by these utterly diverse plants is beautifully adapted for scattering seed over the prairies. They all form in growing a spherical bushy top, but their methods in starting on their journey are very different. In the case of the "tickle-grass," the panicle breaks off at the first joint below. In the "tumble-weed" the root is usually pulled up to complete the lower part of the sphere, the plant usually growing in a loose soil. But the *psoralea*, growing in a hard turf, resorts to the following method: Very near the top of the ground a joint is formed in the stem, as perfect as that for separating a leaf from the stem. It cuts through all the tissues, so that when the top dries up and begins to sway in the wind, it is broken off very readily and evenly. One might perhaps think that the wrenching of the stem was the only cause of the separation, but I satisfied myself that a real joint is formed by examining plants still green. The bushy top of the *psoralea* is higher relatively from the ground than that of the *amaranthus*, so that it is roughly spherical without the root.

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THE special feature of the new observatory at Columbia College will be a paper dome. "This will be the fourth paper dome in the world," said Professor Rees. "They have all been made by Waters & Sons, of Troy, N. Y.—the manufacturers of paper boats—and are all in this country. The first one made is at Troy Polytechnic Institute, the second at West Point, and the third at Beloit College. While that at West Point is the largest, this is the best in construction and arrangement. The method used in the manufacture of the paper is kept a secret, the makers using a private process. The dome is made in sections—semi-lunes, as they are technically called. There are twenty-four of these sections. They are bent over toward the inside at the edges, and bolted to ribs of wood. The thickness of the shell is only three-thirty-seconds of an inch, but it is as stiff as sheet-iron. On one side of the dome is the oblong opening for the telescope, and over this is a shutter (likewise of paper, but stiffened with wood lining), which slides around on the outside of the dome. The whole dome is so light that the hand can turn it. The inside diameter is twenty feet, and the height is eleven feet. The floor of the observatory is one hundred feet above the ground; it was necessary that it should be so high because of the tall buildings around it. The building is rapidly approaching completion, and the dome is already in place.

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THE action of very diluted nitro muriatic acid (*aqua regia*) on meat and other animal substances has been recently studied by Signor Pavesi, and he finds the substance an excellent preservative agent. Meat, in pieces of about ten pounds, kept in the liquid in wooden vessels remains unaltered and savory for years. The meat treated may also be dried at sixty degrees to seventy degrees without undergoing change, apart from a diminution of volume and the appearance of a brown color. Put for a few hours in water, the meat recovers its original softness and natural color. The proportions of the acids in the preserving liquid are not given. The method is also adapted to the preservation of animal substances for scientific purposes, but presumably the "dilute" acid of commerce is considerably too strong for use in this manner. It is very cheap, however, and experiment would readily determine the proper degree of dilution. S. A. LATTIMORE.



One Pair Long Black Buttonless Kids.

A CONTRIBUTION TO A VEXED QUESTION.

Sam.

THERE was no sprucer-looking lad
 When Sam came courting me;
 At spelling-match or candy-pull,
 Husking or apple-bee.
 He never had a lazy bone,
 So prospered like a charm;
 Already well-to-do in life,
 He'd bought a little farm.
 For cabbages and onions thrived
 Beneath his patient hand,
 And corn and turnips seemed to grow
 By magic on his land.
 It was a happy day for me
 When Sam made me his wife,
 And everybody prophesied
 For us a happy life.
 And Sam was good and kind and true
 As needle to the pole—
 My happiness his constant aim,
 My love his only goal.
 He had some very grand ideas
 For tiller of the soil,
 And would not let me lift my hands
 To any household toil.
 Had I, like other women, trod
 My round of petty cares,
 Perchance I'd never known the yoke
 That patient woman bears.

I learned the sufferings of my sex—
 Ambition under ban,
 Debarred all nobler paths to tread,
 Crushed by the tyrant man;
 Beneath the savage sway of Turk,
 Within seraglios hid;
 Under the light of Christian states,
 To speak in church forbid;
 Insulted by the stronger sex
 With logic learned by rote,
 Forced a debasing tax to pay,
 Denied the right to vote.
 I worked myself to fever-heat,
 A burning letter penned,
 Addressed to that progressive sheet,
 The thoughtful "Woman's Friend."
 I know not why, my letter took
 Our little world by storm,
 And kindly critics styled me, then,
 "Th' Apostle of Reform."
 I'd got my fingers in the ink,
 And sturdy blows I dealt;
 My name became a household word
 Where woman's wrongs are felt.
 When summoned to the lecture field
 I boldly plead my cause,
 Upholding to a nation's scorn
 Unjust and partial laws.
 Still there is something which I've lost
 My honors ill repay:
 Somewhere along my upward path
 From Sam I've strayed away.
 I begged he'd join with me to sound
 The trumpet of alarm;
 He guessed his mission mostly lay
 In stumping round his farm.
 He couldn't grasp progressive thought,
 But looked supremely bored,
 And when I read my finest work
 He went to sleep and snored.
 A vital spark of heavenly flame
 Unto a clod allied!
 Before I married such a dolt
 I would that I had died!
 A dolt who knows not when he's won
 That noblest prize in life,
 A soul above the commonplace—
 A literary wife!
 Now, seated at my desk, I write—
 The desk he bought for me;
 His feet in slippers that I worked,
 He dreams, perchance, he's free.
 I answer letters, plan campaigns,
 Interpret Heaven's decrees;
 He wonders if the ground's too wet
 For planting early peas.
 Sometimes, when woman seems content
 Her slavish life to lead,
 Careless alike of mission high,
 Of noble thought and deed;
 When open scorn or covert sneer
 My efforts ill repay,
 Sometimes I wish I had not grown
 From Sam so far away.

J. M. ARNOLD.